

# THE BOSTONIAN.

VOL. I.

OCTOBER, 1894.

No. 1.

## THE BOSTON THEATRE.

IN order to fully understand the importance of the movement that led to the erection of the Boston Theatre, as well as the influence it has exerted upon public taste and sentiment in New England, during its existence, it will be profitable to indulge briefly in reminiscences touching the early annals of the Boston stage.

It is just a century this year since the first Boston or Federal Street Theatre was built. In 1792 the town had been scandalized by the unauthorized opening of a primitive playhouse, that masqueraded under the deceitful name of an "Exhibition Room," and which was located in Broad Alley, now Hawley Street, but at that time merely a lane through which residents of the North End made a short cut to old Trinity Church, on Summer Street. This Exhibition Room had been a barn, but had been so transformed as to seat two or three hundred persons, and here performances were given of a character indicated by this old bill, which is a relic of that time:

"Master Henry, from London, will walk on his belly in the shape of a camel. Master Manley will balance his whole body on the edge of a candlestick without the assistance of hand or foot. He will pick up two pins with his eyes, and a dollar at the same time with his mouth; rolls like a whale in the sea."

A law prohibiting stage plays, on the ground of their alleged tendency to encourage extravagance, immorality and contempt for religion, had been passed by the legislature in 1750, and the Broad Alley theatre was the first instance of an attempt to defy it. Tragedy was shortly afterward produced there under the hypocritical guise of a moral lesson, and it led to the arrest of the manager, at the same time causing a small riot in the theatre, during which Governor Hancock's portrait was trampled upon, as he was known to be bitterly opposed to the acted drama. The manager was released, however, on a legal technicality, and as it was evident he had a strong public support, he was not molested again, but he closed the theatre and returned

to Providence, where he had another place of amusement.

However, reforms never go backward, and two years later a first-class theatre, for that time, known as the Boston Theatre, was erected on the north-west corner of Federal and Franklin Streets. The house had a varied and stormy career for nearly sixty years, for it was the scene of several disturbances, and the grave of many an ambitious manager's hopes of financial success. During its life it had to compete with many amusement enterprises of mushroom growth, and two or three that were worthy rivals, and it was finally burned in 1852. The Tremont Theatre having been not long before this transformed into the Tremont Temple, the only existing playhouses were either too small for proper dramatic representations, or were situated in undesirable localities, and so the time had plainly come for the erection of a new edifice suitable for devotion to the highest order of dramatic art.

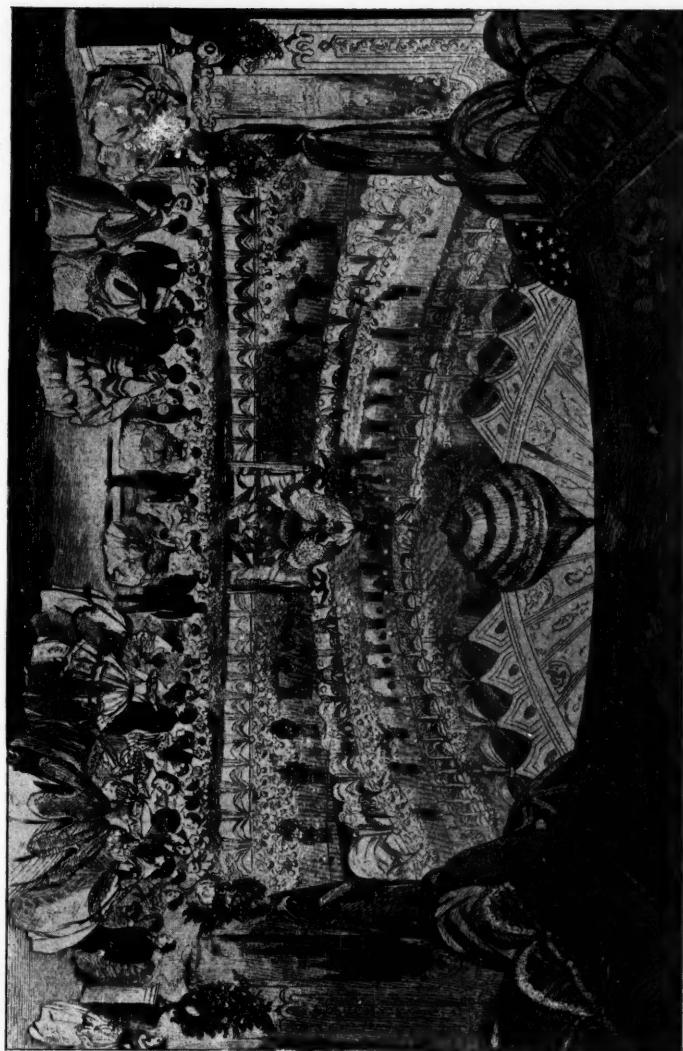
The new theatre was to mark an epoch in Boston's theatrical annals; one in which most of the conditions which had furnished opponents of the stage, from time immemorial, with material for logical attack, were to be banished. The ancient, objectionable pit, with its name of sinister suggestiveness, the factional riots, in which partisans of rival actors or politicians took part, the notorious "third tier" with its bar, and often-times objectionable habitues of both sexes, all were to be known no more.

At a meeting in the Revere House, called by Joseph Leonard, the auctioneer, within a week after the destruction of the old Boston Theatre,

it was resolved to build, and Gardner Brewer, John E. Bates, Otis Rich and Benjamin Thayer, all prominent business men, were appointed to solicit subscriptions and select a site. The sum of \$250,000 was soon obtained, and divided into stock at \$1,000 a share; the old Lion Theatre property on Washington Street, and a lot on Mason Street, belonging to the Boston Gas Company, were purchased for \$163,348. The whole property eventually cost upwards of \$500,000. To-day, Manager Tompkins values it at \$1,500,000.

A premium of \$500, offered for the best design for the edifice, was won by H. Noury, whose design was accepted, and then carried out by architects E. C. and J. C. Cabot, and Jonathan Preston. The house was dedicated September 11, 1854, and started on its long and creditable career with the enthusiastic good wishes of the most enlightened and influential part of the community, although not before some strong opposition to the licensing of the house had been overcome.

The primary object kept in view in the construction of the new theatre, was perfect harmony of proportion in every part of the house. That is why the balconies are so shallow, compared with those of more modern theatres, which have been built by sacrificing beauty for the sake of gaining greater seating capacity. The auditorium was in the form of a perfect circle, ninety feet in diameter, passing six feet behind the curtain, in the centre of the stage. The stage extended eighteen feet in front of the curtain, instead of only eight feet as at present, and when performers



PRINCE OF WALES BALL, BOSTON THEATRE, OCTOBER, 1860.

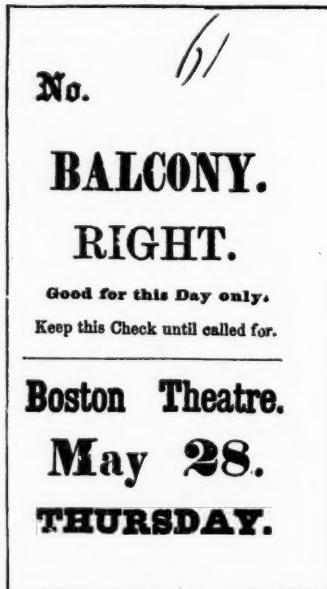
stood well down the stage their backs were often turned towards the occupants of the proscenium boxes. This projection of the stage was designed to obtain the most perfect acoustic properties, especially in opera, by getting the singers so far forward that the sound could not ascend and become lost in the flies above the stage.

The building covered 26,149 feet of land, the stage was 110 feet from footlights to the Mason Street wall, its extreme width was 96 feet, and from the line of grooves for the front scene to the footlights was 36 feet,—a good sized stage in itself. The proscenium arch was 52 feet in height and 49 in width, the curtain rising 96 feet. It was 75 feet from the stage to the roof, 12 feet to the floor of the trap-room beneath, and 36 feet to the floor of the sub-cellars.

The entire structure, from Mason to Washington Streets, was built on pillars over a cellar ten feet deep, which furnished a store-room of almost inexhaustible capacity for scenery, properties, etc.

The main entrance to the theatre was as it exists to-day, through the long covered passageway on Washington street, and tickets for the balcony and the boxes (whence the name box office), were obtained at an office on the opposite side of the lobby from the present one, and near the sidewalk. But the entrance and ticket office to the gallery, or amphitheatre, as it was then called, were between the present main entrance and West Street, at the end of a sort of alley known as Harlem Place. The doors still remain, but are rarely used, and then only to facilitate emptying an extraordinarily large house. The old

lobby has been converted into several small offices. The stairway to the amphitheatre was on the opposite side of the auditorium from the one now in use, and was so situated that the occupants of the lower tiers never came in contact with the gallery gods, either in entering or leaving the theatre. The old gallery staircase fell into disuse about thirty years ago, when the family circle stairs were extended to the upper tier.



RESERVED SEAT TICKET — 1857.

Upon passing the ticket-taker, at the door on the ground floor, there was no view to be had of the interior of the auditorium, as at present, for a circular dead wall, a portion of which may still be seen, hung with many portraits of departed actors, extended in an unbroken line around the auditorium, pierced only in the centre by a door, exactly opposite the

foot of the grand staircase which leads to the balcony.

Through this door in the wall one passed into a circular corridor, about seven feet in width, extending entirely around the auditorium, and commanding a view of the stage through the numerous narrow doors with their little windows, which are to be seen to-day. These two walls indicate that standees, who nowadays often contribute liberally to a theatre's income, were practically unknown forty years ago. A large section of the dead wall was replaced by a row of heavy arches and pillars, twenty-four years ago, resulting in a great improvement in the appearance and convenience of the lobby. The beautiful staircase to the balcony, from the lower lobby, which is still in its original shape, had for a background the same magnificent French mirror which has, for forty years, as a critic present on the opening night expressed it, "reflected a confusion of beauty, fashion and splendor."

At that time the pit had but recently been abolished in local playhouses, and there still existed much of the ancient prejudice against the occupants of the lower floor whom Hamlet so contemptuously refers to as "groundlings, caring only for inexplicable dumb show and noise," so admission to the parquet, as the orchestra of to-day was then called, was only fifty cents; the balcony seats, at one dollar, being esteemed more highly, and being the highest priced seats in the house, with the exception of the stage boxes, which were six dollars.

The parquet circle, the dress circle and the family circle were not known

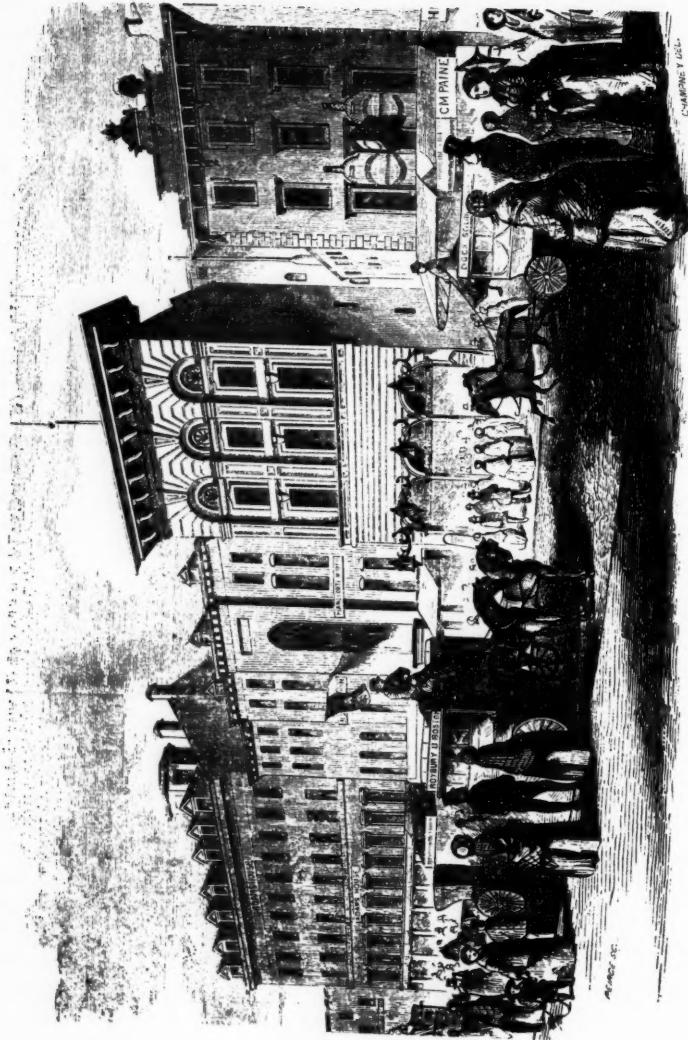
then by their present names, but were divided up into boxes, known as parquet, first and second tier boxes, to which the admission was fifty cents in each case. These boxes were removed after a couple of seasons.

During the early sixties the highest-priced seats in the house were fifty cents, and gallery tickets were only fifteen cents. It was not until about 1868 that the lower floor became known as the orchestra, and the seats were sold for one dollar.

For many years colored people did not have the same privileges as white folks, as the following announcement from an old programme of the house indicates: "A box in the second tier" (family circle) "has been assigned to colored persons, who can only be admitted to that part of the house."

That upholstered and folding chairs were a novelty, appears from the warm commendation of a critic present on the opening night, who dwelt upon the fact of the seats "being so ingeniously contrived as to fold up and allow passing, and having nicely cushioned backs." These seats were long ago removed from the lower floor, but they may still be seen in the balcony, while those throughout the upper part of the house are the ones originally placed there. These seats are said by Manager Tompkins to be the very first folding chairs ever used in a theatre.

At the time the Boston Theatre was built it was the custom in local playhouses to have a bar-room on the third tier, corresponding with the family circle of to-day, and one of the abuses cited frequently by opponents of the drama was the presence, on



EXTERIOR OF BOSTON THEATRE.—1854.

this tier, of women with more finery than modesty, who frequently exercised a sufficiently fascinating influence upon men in other parts of the house to draw them up to that floor between the acts. Showing a coupon for a seat on the lower floor was sufficient to admit a man to the bar-room floor, and it was said that male escorts often excused themselves to their fair charges, on the plea of wanting to see a man outside, just as they do to-day, but that they spent the intermission chatting with the women up stairs.

This abuse was not allowed in the new theatre, but a harmless substitute for the old bar-room was adopted in the shape of a refreshment bar in the ladies' saloon, now the smoking room, on the balcony floor. Here ice cream, temperance drinks, and such refreshments were served. A similar affair, though on a more modest scale, occupied a large room on the family circle floor, for many years, peanuts being the commodity most called for, however. But the evolution in popular taste finally required the discontinuance of both places.

The enormous chandelier, which for many years was the most remarkable feature of the theatre, and one of the wonders of the city, to strangers, contrary to popular belief, was not put in when the house was built. The upper part of the auditorium was originally lighted by means of a simple circle of gas-pipe, punctured with small holes, and placed in the centre of the ceiling. This was the method that had been in use in theatres since the introduction of gas, about twenty years before, but it was pronounced inadequate by some of the critics, on

the opening night, and that fact probably led to the purchase of the magnificent structure which cost something like \$5000, although it was suggested by, if not copied from, the only theatre chandelier then in this country, and which was in some Philadelphia house. It was made in that city and was placed in the Boston Theatre in 1856. It had the shape of an inverted cone, was about thirty-five feet in length, and presented to the eye almost a solid mass of glittering prisms. It had nearly a thousand porcelain burners, in imitation of candles, and weighed at least a ton.

It required half an hour to light it, which operation was performed with a forty-foot pole having a bunch of yarn moistened with alcohol attached to the end. The top row of burners, which could not be reached from below, was lighted from above, through a hole in the ceiling. An enormous ventilator, directly above this aperture in the ceiling, which carried off some of the gas and the intense heat from the hundreds of burners, may still be seen on the roof of the theatre.

As it was necessary to turn on the gas through the whole chandelier before starting to light it, the martyrdom of the assistant, above, with his head thrust down through the hole in the ceiling, must have been severe.

The gas supply of the chandelier was turned on by means of a switch near the prompter's stand, and it was not an infrequent occurrence for some one during the bustle of a new play to run against this switch and extinguish the whole thing in a twinkling. Everything had to come to a standstill, then, until the house could be illuminated again. Poor old George

Wilkinson, the gas man, whose service in his profession dated back to the days when all theatres were lighted by oil lamps, with a look of pious resignation on his face, would put on his coat, take his forty-foot pole and spend a half hour scrambling around among the elegantly dressed ladies in the parquet, greatly to the diversion of the gallery gods, who watched the operation of relighting with as much gusto as they did the play.

In 1866, the system of igniting gas by electricity was applied to that chandelier by the veteran electrician, Walter Brinley.

Once a year it was customary to lower the big chandelier to the floor, and burnish it up. For this operation a windlass, such as is used to hoist a ship's anchor, was required.

This chandelier was replaced in the late seventies by a lighter and more symmetrical one, which was in turn altered and utilized for incandescent electric bulbs, a few years ago. It has since been removed and a number of small ones substituted.

The old clock, placed above the proscenium arch, is a unique affair, and has never been duplicated, certainly, in this city. It consists of two square openings in the proscenium wall, through which are seen the faces of two vertical white cylinders, bearing the hour and minute figures. These cylinders revolve a peg, with a noticeable click, and showing a change of time, one of them hourly, the other every five minutes.

The first important alteration in the theatre came in February, 1868, with the memorable production of "The White Fawn," in some respects

the greatest spectacular production in the history of the theatre. It was the first essay in this city of that class of spectacles of which "The Black Crook" was the pioneer in New York. An entire new stage was built, having twenty-five trap doors and a dozen sinks—an elongated and very narrow sort of trap, extending clear across the stage, and through which the scenes of a whole setting were made to disappear beneath the stage. It was said that \$100,000 was spent on the production, which had a run of thirteen weeks, an enormous success for those days.

Early in the seventies, an expense of \$40,000 was incurred in making alterations, including the removal of the dead-wall already referred to. The old parquet floor having "dished," or sunk in the centre, a new one was built about a foot above it, new folding seats were put in the lower part of the auditorium, and entirely new decorations furnished, the original frescoes of "The Seasons," by an Italian artist, which had always been greatly admired, being replaced by a design of a more geometrical character. The destruction of those frescoes was an irreparable loss. The artistic box railings were introduced at this time.

In 1889 the "apron," as the wide expanse of stage which projected into the auditorium was called, was cut down from eighteen to eight feet in width, making room for three additional rows of seats in the orchestra, and at the same time bringing the actors and the audience nearer together; for of late years people upon the stage had seldom advanced below the first entrance, and the barren waste of

stage in front of them always had a chilling effect on both spectator and actor.

In the early days of the house this apron was considered a valuable adjunct, for, in case of necessity, one hundred people could enact a scene upon it. Old-fashioned plays were not so freely chopped up into separate acts and tableaux as modern ones are, and it was very convenient to have stage room for free action in a front scene while an elaborate and complicated stage picture was in preparation in the rear. Contemporaneous with the changes already referred to, the stage behind the scenes was radically altered. The fine and commodious old green-room, in which actors of all degrees had met on common ground during nearly two generations, was cut up into three star dressing-rooms. It was lighted by a large double window of ground glass, still to be seen on the right hand side of the stage door, on Mason Street.

The old green-room could furnish strange and romantic tales if the walls could only speak of the scenes and the gatherings of eminent personages they have witnessed.

A story told by an actor of the last generation, in connection with this green-room, illustrates in an amusing way the strange nervousness to which the best actors are sometimes liable, even from the most trivial causes.

In the second act of *Richard III.*, there is a small part called the officer of the guard, whose sole speaking part consists of the words, "Stand back, my lord, and let the coffin pass." There is a stage tradition that once upon a time, no one knows when, an actor playing this part so far forgot

himself as to inadvertently transpose the words of his speech into "Stand back, my lord, and let the parson cough," to the immense edification of his audience.

This story came up for discussion, one night, in the old green-room of the Boston, while several actors were assembled for the opening of the first act of *Richard III.*, with Edwin Forrest in the title role. "Bah!" exclaimed the actor who was cast for the humble but important part in question. "The actor who could make such a bull as that must have been an ass."

Others present thought the incident might have reasonably occurred, and the upshot of the discussion was a quiet wager that the self-confident actor who was to play the first officer that very night would make the same mistake which he could not tolerate in another.

Just before the time for the entrance of the first officer upon the stage, he was observed walking up and down behind the scenes, repeating to himself the words: "Stand back, my lord, and let the coffin pass," as if to firmly impress them upon his memory. He was evidently already nervous for fear he should not deliver his speech right. His brother actors did the rest. As he paced back and forth, he heard, every now and then, from some dim corner behind the wings, the fated words "Stand back, my lord, and let the parson cough," and the cold perspiration began to start from his forehead.

Many pairs of eyes were peering at him from behind the wings, when the time came for him to deliver his speech. "Villains, set down the

corse, or by Saint Paul I'll make a corse of him who disobeys," roared Richard; whereupon, the anxious actor lowered his halberd to a level with the breast of Richard, exclaiming with bold defiance, "Stand back, my lord,—" and then, after a moment of confused hesitation, and in spite of every precaution, out he blurted the dreadful words, "and let the parson cough."

The response was instantaneous and Forrest stuck dead in his lines for a moment, glaring at the culprit with a look that froze his blood; while the audience, both before and behind the curtain, appreciated the situation and roared with laughter.

In the old star dressing room, Edwin Booth sat, moody and taciturn, for many an hour while awaiting his turn to go on the stage; smoking his old black pipe, in perfect indifference to the stack of perfumed billets-doux that were showered upon his dressing table, from admiring women. Perhaps it was here that gentle Mary Devlin confided to her most intimate friend, Charlotte Cushman, her first impressions of Booth, whose wife she was to be, for it was in this theatre they met, in 1857.

Doubtless here, in after years, Booth dashed the blinding tears away from his eyes as he recalled memories of her of whom he wrote shortly after her untimely death: "Two little years have taught me much. I have touched in that brief space the extremes of earthly joy and grief — a joy scarce understood till it was snatched from me; a grief far beyond my poor conception until He laid His rod upon me. Her applause was all I valued; gaining it I felt there was

something noble in my calling. Her criticism was the most severe and just; feeling this, I felt also there was something higher to be attained; but now I can only regard my profession as a means of providing for the poor little babe she has left me."

In this same room the great Rachel arranged her classic draperies, which were the delight of artists and poets, and here perhaps she perused burning epistles from the nephew of the great emperor, Prince Napoleon, who is said to have been the only man the erratic actress ever truly loved. Not twenty feet away is the box which this same prince occupied, as the guest of the City of Boston, but three years afterward.

Here also, a few years later, Clara Louise Kellogg, the young and beautiful prima donna, with a nation at her feet, wept tears of sympathy over a bullet-pierced photograph of herself, taken from the breast-pocket of a wounded soldier, whose dying words were: "Tell Miss Kellogg she is the only woman I ever loved, and that my last thought was of her."

Entering this old dressing room, one night, in her magnificent Juliet gown of white satin, the embroidering of which represented an enormous sum, Adelaide Neilson, then in the flush of her youthful beauty, found her costume ruined by contact with a freshly painted scene.

A gentleman with whom she had been talking when the mishap occurred, and who considered himself, possibly, in a measure to blame, quickly drew a cheque for \$1000, and handing it to her, remarked, "Go and buy a new one just like it."

Ten years or more ago the old fash-

ioned method of working scenery, by running it in grooves, had to be abandoned, owing to the impracticability of transporting about the country, by travelling combinations, of large scenes, painted on stretchers. The scene of to-day is simply a curtain having a heavy stick attached to the top and bottom.

The most notable single event in the history of the theatre was undoubtedly the grand ball given in honor of the Prince of Wales, on the evening of October 18, 1860. It was during the "jobbing" regime of the house, when oftentimes days or weeks passed without a performance, and thus, it in no way interfered with the regular business of the theatre, while the financial returns from the event were very handsome. The ball was given by the City and State, the committee of arrangements consisting of Mayor Frederick Lincoln, Edward Everett, Robert C. Winthrop, David Sears, Longfellow the poet, George Ticknor, William Appleton, Alexander H. Rice, Charles Amory, and Judge Horace Gray.

The alterations and decorations in the theatre, alone, represented an outlay of \$10,000, the whole interior being so transformed as to lose its identity completely. The walls, which had for years been criticised as being of too glaring a red, were repainted ashes of roses and pale green, a temporary floor was laid over the tops of the parquet seats, extending clear to the Mason Street wall, on a level with the stage. This floor was in sections, laid on heavy timber supports, and joined as smoothly and tightly as the best dancing-floor in the country. It could be placed in position in about

twenty-four hours, and was for many years stored in the cellar, whence it was removed several times during the succeeding twenty years for use upon special occasions.

An imperial tent, such as was used in olden times by monarchs upon the battle-field, covered the entire stage. It was of crimson velvet, the British royal color, the side toward the auditorium, of course, was open, and through an opening in the back appeared a representation of Windsor Castle, with a fountain playing in the foreground. Three elaborate chandeliers hung from the top of the tent, and numerous smaller ones were ranged around the sides, alternating between pedestals surmounted with flowers. The sides of the proscenium arch were masked out by long mirrors.

The front of the balcony was shrouded in rich, crimson velvet, having a heavy border of gold; the family circle was gay in decorations, the groundwork of which was orange velvet, and upon which were festoons of flowers, and stands of American and British flags, intertwined, and shields alternately bearing three white ostrich feathers on a blue ground, the badge of the Prince. The gallery was dressed in crimson velvet dotted with golden stars, the folds caught up with bunches of flowers and pendants of blue velvet. Crimson velvet was also festooned from ceiling to cornice, in various places, with magnificent effect. The Prince's box had been especially constructed in the centre of the balcony, exactly opposite the stage. It was dome-shaped, richly hung with crimson velvet, and carpeted with the finest Wilton. Upon the top of

the dome, and at each side, was placed an eagle clutching the British coat of arms. Inside were pedestals of potted plants, one of which was knocked over by Lord Lyons, the British Ambassador, during the evening, to the great merriment of the Prince, as well as of the whole assemblage.

The Prince's personal arms and crest were at the front of the box, making the whole picture one of magnificently regal splendor. The passageways and lobbies were all carpeted with dark green, which intensified the brilliancy within, by contrast. The ante-rooms were all newly furnished and decorated throughout, the Prince's main apartment, now the smoking room, on the balcony floor, was arrayed in crimson brocatelle, all around were large mirrors, and in a conspicuous place was a bronze bust of Queen Victoria. An adjoining room, now the ladies' reception room, was hung with pale blue silk beneath white lace.

There was a tremendous crush in which several women fainted, and one fell in a fit. It was said most of the women present betrayed the excitement under which they labored by flushed faces, wild eyes, and more or less disarranged dresses. At one time the line of carriages waiting to discharge their contents extended from the theatre entrance nearly to Cornhill.

At half-past ten, the Prince, who had come from an interview with a Mr. Farnham, a veteran of the Revolution, arrived. He entered by the main lobby and was conducted to his box, whence, after a few minutes, he proceeded to the floor and joined the dance, first with Mrs. Lincoln,

the Mayor's wife, and then with Mrs. Governor Banks. At midnight he was conducted to supper, which was served in the old Melodeon, now the Bijou Théâtre, access to which was gained by a door still to be seen in Manager Tompkins' private office, and which was cut through the wall for the occasion.

J. B. Smith was caterer. The floral decorations were lavish and artistic, the china had been especially procured from Europe, and the silver knives and forks all bore the Prince's crest. His Highness sat with other dignitaries at a table upon a dais. After supper, the Prince returned to the ball, and before leaving, at four o'clock in the morning, he had danced with seventeen different ladies.

Before leaving America the Prince remarked that he had a finer time in Boston than in any other place he visited.

With a keen eye to business, the management gave a children's ball on the following Saturday afternoon, a fee of fifty cents entitling every guest to dance amid the same surroundings which royalty had enjoyed. Several popular concerts at popular prices were also given before the house was denuded of its unusual splendor.

Other festal occasions which created great public interest in their day, and which were characterized by great elaboration in detail, took place in the theatre as follows:

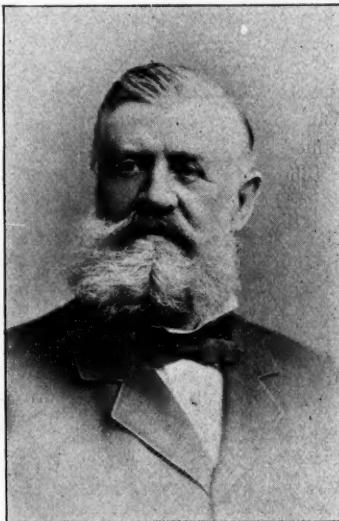
Tigers' Ball, February 28th, 1859; Ball in aid of the preservation of Mount Vernon, the home of Washington, March 4th, 1859; Firemen's, Military and Civic Ball, March 18th, 1859; Grand Juvenile Ball, March 23d, 1859; National Sailors' Fair, No-

vember 7th, 1864; and State Military Ball, March 5th, 1866. A French Fair and a Fair in Aid of the Sanitary Commission also took place there during the war. The splendid ball given in honor of the Russian Grand Duke Alexis, December 8th, 1871, is still a pleasant memory to many Bostonians.

Edwin Booth was fulfilling a star engagement, at the Boston Theatre, and was upon the stage at the hour when his brother shot President Lincoln. Edwin was stopping at the residence of Orlando Tompkins, one of the proprietors of the theatre, then living in Franklin Square. It was at Mr. Tompkins' house that Booth received the terrible news of his brother's insane act, and an hour or two later a kindly worded and sympathetic letter from Mr. Jarret, the manager of the theatre, informing him of the necessity for terminating the engagement at once. Booth did not appear upon any stage again for nine months, but in the following season he became one of the managers of the Boston Theatre for a year. It is rather singular that with all that has been written during late years about the few intimate friends that Edwin Booth had, during his rather eccentric career, little or no mention has been made of Doctor Tompkins in that connection. As a matter of fact, for very many years no man was nearer the heart of Mr. Booth than was the genial but dignified Doctor. If during the years that Booth seemed to have become weaned from the city which was the home of his early manhood, the two men saw little of each other, the bond of friendship between them was never less sincere, and Edwin Booth was not the man to forget

the proofs of confidence he had received from Doctor Tompkins on many occasions. It is also worth recording that Booth became a resident of Boston, originally, not so much from choice, as on account of the health of his wife, who could not get satisfactory medical treatment anywhere else. It was here that she died, and eventually Mr. Booth grew to love Boston very warmly.

Most of the managers of the Boston



ORLANDO TOMPKINS.

Theatre have been good actors. The first was Thomas Barry, an Englishman, born about 1795. He served under the Duke of Wellington in the wars against the great Napoleon, and after Waterloo, settled in New York, where he became manager of the Park Theatre. In the early thirties he managed the Tremont Theatre, in Boston, later transformed into the Tremont Temple. Wyzeman Mar-

shall was offered the lease of the new Boston Theatre. He was then managing the Howard Athenæum, and for certain personal reasons declined the proffered honor in favor of Mr. Barry. Although the house had many distinguished successes during Mr. Barry's time, an assessment upon the stockholders was found necessary soon after his retirement. His successor was Bernard Ullman, who kept the house two years, and then made way for Wyzeman Marshall, in the fall of 1862. Mr. Marshall brought prosperity, and turned the management over to Henry C. Jarret, in the winter of 1864. Edwin Booth and his brother-in-law, John Sleeper Clarke, assumed the responsibility in September, 1866, with Edwin's elder brother, Junius Brutus, as acting manager. The latter retained his position till the summer of 1873, but his brother and Mr. Clarke remained only one season. At this time Orlando Tompkins and Benjamin Thayer, having gained possession of a controlling amount of the stock, became virtual proprietors, and at the end of J. B. Booth's regime their names first appeared upon the bills as such. L. R. Shewell was acting manager from the fall of 1873 till the summer of 1878, and was succeeded by Eugene Tompkins. With the death of Mr. Thayer, in 1876, Noble Hill became associated with Doctor Tompkins, under the firm name of Tompkins and Hill, which was changed to Hill and Tompkins after the death of the Doctor, and the accession of his son in 1884. In 1886 Eugene Tompkins became sole proprietor and manager.

Manager Tompkins is youthful, and keen and alert in business. He has artistic and literary tastes, is rather

reserved, as a rule, but is genial with those immediately about him, or whom he especially likes. He owns a fine steam yacht, and his chief pleasure, next to organizing stupendous stage productions, is making short trips along the coast in company with a few congenial guests. He is the only Boston manager who owns his own theatre, and is probably the richest man in the country engaged solely in dramatic enterprises.



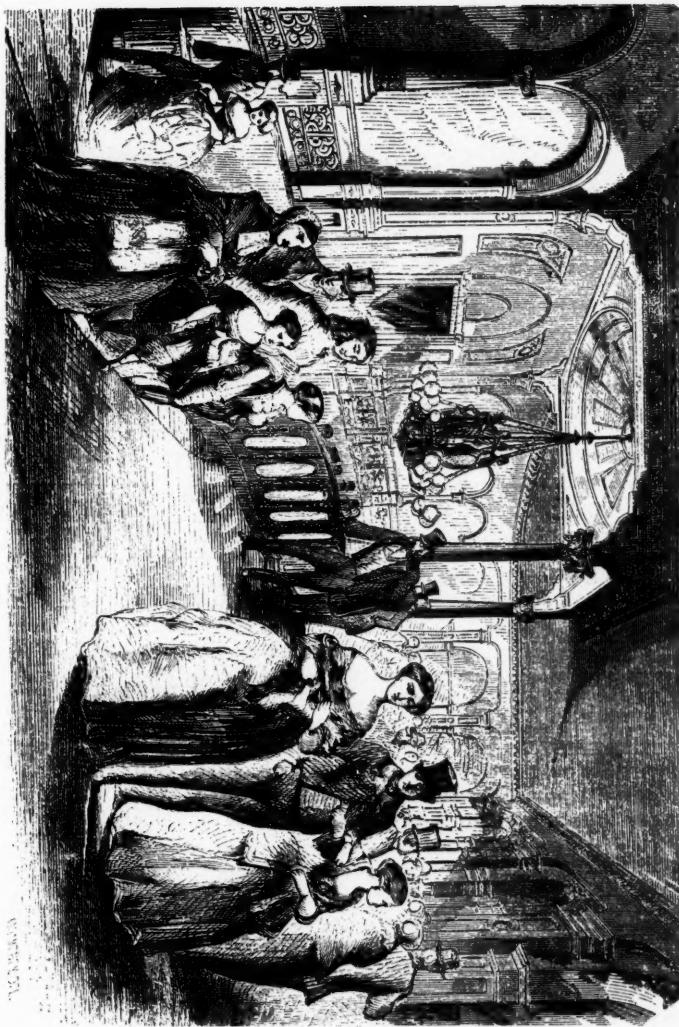
EUGENE TOMPKINS.

The illustrations presented with this article are furnished through Mr. Tompkins' courtesy, from what is probably the most complete collection of historical data connected with any one theatre, possessed by any manager in the country.

The representation of the exterior of the theatre in 1854 shows the old Lion Theatre at the left, and beyond that the old Adams House.

It is doubtful if any American the-

Lobby on Balcony Floor.— 1851.



atre has so many attachés with long terms of service as the Boston. Henry Onthank and Eugene Foster have officiated there as ushers for thirty years, William Prescott has been master machinist for the same term, and Napier Lothian has directed the orchestra for twenty-seven years. Memories of Harry M'Glenen, who died last spring, and who took a prominent part in directing the destinies of the house for nearly three decades are still fresh in the public mind. James W. Taylor has been master of auxiliaries for almost as many years, and Mr. Sullivan, property maker, who can fashion with equal facility the appurtenances for an inferno or a celestial kingdom, has grown gray in the service of the house.

A character who is known far and wide in the profession, is Con. Murphy, who for thirty winters and summers has guarded the stage door on an average of about sixteen hours a day.

The theatre was opened with great eclat on the evening of September 11, 1854. A programme of the first performance, which now hangs in the lobby of the theatre, gives the working staff as follows: Thomas Barry, lessee and manager; John T. Wright (late manager of the National Theatre), assistant manager; T. Comer, musical director; H. W. DuLong, leader of orchestra; C. Lher, principal artist; J. Johnson, machinist; J. Jeffries, property maker; A. Howell, costumer; H. W. Fenno, box office keeper; T. Flemming, treasurer.

The first word on the new stage was spoken by John Gilbert, who read an original poem by Thomas W. Parsons, for which an award of one

hundred dollars was made. The opening play was Sheridan's "Rivals," with the following in the cast:

John Gilbert, Mr. Pauncefort, T. Comer, H. F. Daly, John Wood, Mr. Fish, E. L. Davenport, D. Johnson, Mr. Gouldson, Master J. Johnson, Mrs. Barrow, Mrs. W. H. Smith, and Mrs. Fiske. (Mrs. Smith was an aunt of George Riddle, the popular reader of our own day.)

The play was followed by a farce, "The Loan of a Lover," which, according to the custom of the time, served as a medium for introducing a variety of specialties, in the shape of songs and dances.

The only member of the original company who survives to-day is Mrs. John Wood, now living in London.

But five performances a week were given for a time, although Saturday matinees were inaugurated later in the season. It was several years before Saturday evening performances were given, owing to popular feeling that they were a desecration of the eve of the Lord's day.

The name was changed to "The Boston Academy of Music," and grand opera, with Adelina Patti as the prima donna, and Brignoli as the tenor, was the principal attraction of the season of 1859-60.

Under the management of Wyze- man Marshall in 1862, the name "Boston Theatre" was restored.

The historic old dramatic temple is a unique Boston institution. Sir Augustus Harris, the foremost manager in England, who visited here a few weeks ago, says it is a distinction to the city, and is unmatched anywhere in the world as a home for the highest forms of dramatic art.

ALEXANDER CORBETT, JR.

## THE POWER OF SYMPATHY:

OR, THE TRIUMPH OF NATURE.

EDITOR'S PREFACE.

ON Dudley Street, facing Howard Avenue, in Dorchester, Mass., stood the celebrated mansion known as the "Taylor Place," which but a few years ago had to give way to the extensive building operations in progress in that district. But it had its history, a history that will live long after the few citizens who still remember the stately old building have been laid at rest. Within its walls were enacted many scenes of joy and sorrow, gayety and pathos. "Here the gallants of the last century," says Mr. Orcutt, in "Good Old Dorchester," "gayly led the fair maidens in courtly dance; here the infidelity of one trusted and loved filled a devoted wife's heart with bitterness and desolation; here the literary, social and political leaders exchanged their politest courtesies, and discussed subjects of the deepest importance to the nation." This was the home of Mrs. Perez Morton, the author of "The Power of Sympathy," and of her husband.

The Taylor estate embraced a large tract of land which was bounded by flowering shrubs. Tall, majestic elms surrounded the house, which was itself a true type of the hospitality which reigned within. A flight of broad stone steps led to the entrance; a heavy door swung on its great hinges as the visitor passed through into the great hall. One who was fortunate enough to visit the house before its destruction, gives the following description of it:

"Passing beneath an arch of artistic beauty, a broad passage leads to the long French windows which open upon the balcony, and one can in fancy see the grand dames who swept along these corridors, breathing the perfumed air from the gardens, touched without doubt during the long summer days by a breath of east wind from Dorchester Bay. Returning to the interior, one ascends the staircase, to be charmed by the ease of the ascent; for the stairs are ideal in construction, low and broad, and the balustrade is of rosewood, rich with the

colors of a century, while along the centre line there is a delicate tracery of inlaid wood, exquisite in form and tone. Above us there is a ceiling design, unique, elaborate, and beautiful, which for symmetry it would be difficult to find a counterpart. The work is stucco, and the odd fancies are finely wrought in odd corners which the rambling lines of the upper rooms compel. In the entrance hall again we have directly in front of us folding doors opening into the breakfast room, which is bright and sunny, being lighted by a large bay window. The walls are covered by an odd old paper of the peculiar landscape pattern. Along the cornice is thrown a fine carved tracery. The lower half of the wall-space is panelled, and the border corresponds to the cornice in design and workmanship. At the right of the entrance we enter the dining-hall, a long, handsome room, lighted by five windows reaching to the floor. The cornice is very elaborate here, and the long windows are wide and high, fitted with folding inside blinds, secured in a primitive but effective fashion, particularly in the front windows, which open upon tiny balconies of wrought iron, which show a graceful fancy. Opposite the dining-room is a library, with quaint metal carvings, fluted pilasters ornamented by figures of Bacchus and Ceres; while above the door-posts other mythological figures pose. In this room there is a deep vault, and the key to this treasure-house has the artistic touch which belongs to everything here, and gives an air of refinement and quiet elegance.

"The drawing-room occupies the ~~ce~~ of the second floor, presenting one of the finest interiors to be found in this part of the country. The vaulted ceiling is elaborately decorated in stucco, while the cornice bears deep-cut designs in conventional form. Doors and casings bear the graceful drooping garlands which everywhere mark the decorative treatment of colonial days. This drawing-room seems fitted for hospitality, and there is a charming touch of patriotism displayed in the ornamentation of the door-posts, whose caps are made in panel form, bearing upon the centre space an emblematic group consisting of the American eagle standing guard over the shield, above which are garlands of laurel. The front parlor is long, lighted by a large bay window, which overlooks the grounds and driveway; while the back parlor opens by long French win-



BACK OF TAYLOR HOUSE, SHOWING BREAKFAST ROOM AND DINING ROOM.

dows upon a bewitching nook in balcony form, from which one can look into birds' nests and the dense foliage of grand old trees. These parlors are flanked by square rooms on either side, and a very romantic thing it is to visit some of these cosey, odd-shaped rooms, which can be accomplished by mounting a back staircase from the small square hall between the breakfast and dining-rooms on the first floor. Following along a dark passage until a group of doors it reached, we come to a suite of pretty rooms on the second floor; but mounting another flight of stairs, we follow along a passage which tells very plainly that we are under the eaves. There are deep closets here which would delight any housekeeper, and we pass several deep recesses before we reach the door which opens into a veritable 'sky parlor.' This room is about ten by sixteen feet, built up square on the roof, lighted by four large windows; there are floods of sunshine pouring in here from morning till night; and the view over the tree-tops is grand, as we can see beyond the tossing foliage the deep blue of the sea, dotted by white sails and occasional darker lines of smoke, which mark an out-going steamer."

It was in this room that Sarah Wentworth Apthorp, better known to the social world as Mrs. Perez Morton, composed the first American novel, "The Power of Sympathy."

Mrs. Morton, the author of this famous work, was a gifted and versatile writer of both poetry and prose. Her maiden name was Sarah Wentworth Apthorp. She was born in Braintree in 1754, and was of noble ancestry; her mother, a Miss Wentworth, was a descendant from Thomas Wentworth, Earl of Strafford; her paternal great grandfather was John Apthorp, the founder of the transatlantic race of Apthorp. She married Perez Morton in 1777, but had previous to the union obtained a reputation as a poet, her effusions being printed in the old "New England Magazine," which poems, together with other short articles from her pen, were published in 1823 under the title of "My Mind and Its Thoughts." Miss Apthorp wrote over the pseudonym of "Philenia." Among her other works were "Ouabi, or the Virtues of Nature; an Indian Tale in Four Cantos," by "Philenia," a lady of Boston, 1790, 8vo; "Beacon Hill." The latter was a story of the Revolution and moved Robert Treat Paine to designate her as the "American Sappho."

"The Power of Sympathy" appeared in 1789, of which the following is a fac-simile of the title page.

THE  
POWER of SYMPATHY :  
OR, THE  
TRIUMPH of NATURE.  
FOUNDED in TRUTH.  
IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

FAIN would he tare Life's thorny Way with Flowers,  
And open to your View Elysian Bowers ;  
Catch the warm Passions of the tender Youth,  
And win the Mind to Sentiment and Truth.



PRINTED at BOSTON,  
BY ISAIAH THOMAS AND COMPANY.  
Sold at their Bookstore, No. 45, NEWBURY STREET.  
And at said THOMAS's Bookstore in WORCESTER.  
MDCCCLXXXIX.

FAC SIMILE OF ORIGINAL TITLE PAGE.

Isaiah Thomas, known as the American Baskerville, who issued the book under his imprint, was the celebrated printer and the leading spirit of his generation in his line. On the appearance of the novel the pulpit and press began to discuss its merits and character. From the latter we take the following:

"The First American Novel." *Herald of Freedom.*

"Under the masques of Martin and Ophelia are discovered Mr. Perez Morton and Theodosia Francis Aphorp. It was to this cause more than to the presumed immoralities of the book that caused an auto-da-fe to be pronounced." — *Boston Gazette.*

"This volume was the first to give expression to American social life.

"A perusal of the book can seduce no one from the paths of righteousness, unless he or she be already contaminated in the soul. Its lesson is worthy of its workmanship." — *Massachusetts Magazine.*

A writer in the *Boston Budget* of recent date, in referring to the book, among other things says:

"The author's name was not mentioned, but the personages of the book being recognized as the members of the Morton family, those who read the book attributed it to the work of 'Philenia,' and in that they were not mistaken. A year before, a younger sister of Mrs. Morton had visited the Morton mansion in Dorchester, where, by her beauty and wit, she had attracted the attention of the husband. He pretended to fall desperately in love with her, and she, who was of a yielding and sympathetic temperament,

imagining that she reciprocated, was led to her disgrace. The victim did not long survive the denouement of this painful domestic tragedy, but died some weeks later, her last cares and wishes being lovingly administered to by the sister whom she had wronged. This was the plot of the novel, and in it was displayed all the righteous anger that a noble, trusting wife feels for the husband who has deceived her, and all the pitying charity and forgiveness that a loving woman may have for her weaker, frailester sister.

“However the reading public of the present era in literature might have welcomed the appearance of such a production it is hard to say, but it is evident that the good people of 1789 had no relish for realism, even when presented with an undoubted moral, and ignoring the lesson conveyed, they denounced it from the pulpit and through the press; and such a fierce crusade was carried on against the work, and so effectual were the measures taken for its suppression, that probably not a single copy is now in existence. Such is the story of ‘The Power of Sympathy,’ the first American novel.”

The dedicatory page bears the following inscription:

“To the Young Ladies of United Columbia, These Volumes, Intended to represent the specious causes, and to expose the fatal consequences of seduction; To inspire the female mind with a principle of self complacency, and to Promote the Economy of Human Life, Are Inscribed, with esteem and sincerity, by their Friend and Humble servant, The Author. Boston, Jan., 1789.”

Following the above is the preface:

“Novels have ever met with a ready reception in the Libraries of the Ladies, but this species of writing hath not been received with universal approbation. Futility is not the only charge brought against it. Any attempt, therefore, to make these studies more advantageous, has at least a *claim* upon the patience and candor of the public.

“In novels which *expose* no particular vice, and which *recommend* no particular virtue, the fair reader, though she may find amusement, must finish them without being impressed with any particular idea; so that if they are harmless they are not beneficial.

“Of the letters before us, it is necessary to remark, that this error on each side has been avoided — the dangerous consequences of **SEDUCTION** are exposed, and the advantages of **FEMALE EDUCATION** set forth and recommended.

THE AUTHOR.”

Mrs. Morton has copied the early writers in their style of telling a story through the medium of epistles. Thus Richardson wrote “Clarissa Harlowe” and “Pamela,” and Fielding his “Joseph Andrews.”

In the sunny room mentioned above it is easy to imagine that the youthful Perez Morton, then but twenty-four years of age, composed the funeral oration pronounced by him over the body of General Joseph Warren, who passed the night in this house just before the Battle of Bunker Hill. As Mrs. John Adams wrote at the time, “A young fellow could not have wished a finer opportunity to display talents.” “Illustrious relics!” said the young orator, apostrophizing the exhumed remains before him — “illustrious relics! What tidings from the grave? Why hast thou left the peaceful mansions of the tomb to visit again this troubled earth?”

This “Young Perez Morton” was born at Plymouth, Mass., November 13th, 1751. His father settled at Boston, and was keeper of the White Horse Tavern, opposite Hayward Place, and died in 1793. Perez entered the Boston Latin School in 1760, and graduated from Harvard College in 1771, when he studied law; but the Revolutionary War claimed his attention and prevented him from practicing. He was an active and ardent friend of the cause of freedom, and in 1775 was one of the Committee of Safety, and a few months later was appointed Deputy Secretary of the Province. During this period he resided on State Street, on the present site of the Union Bank, where after the war he opened an office as an Attorney at Law.

This was “The Manson,” and was the home of “Worthy.” Later it became the residence of the Honorable Charles Apthorp, and was at that time one of the most elegant dwellings in the state.

Mr. Charles Apthorp donated £5000 sterling to the building fund of King’s Chapel, at the corner of School and Tremont Streets, Boston, an amount far in excess of any other individual. At his death a fine marble monument, with a Latin inscription by his son, was placed in this building, which monument covers the tomb of the Apthorp race.

Mr. Morton was a leader of the old Ja-

cobin Club which had their meeting place at the Green Dragon Tavern. From 1807 to 1811 he was Speaker of the Massachusetts House of Representatives; from 1811 to 1832 was Attorney General of Massachusetts, and in 1820 he was a delegate to the State Convention. One of his last public duties was the acting as State's Attorney, assisted by Daniel Webster, in the celebrated trial of the Knapps, at Salem, in 1830, for the murder of Captain Joseph White. He died at Dorchester, November 14, 1837.

In 1808 the Morton family removed from the "Taylor Place" to the elegant mansion known as the Morton Pavilion, in Pleasant Street, Dorchester. It has been handed down as a tradition in the family, that Mr. Morton built the Pavilion before announcing to his wife his intention of relinquishing the Dudley Street estate.

The charming circle of acquaintances and friends which Mr. and Mrs. Morton had drawn around them at the old Taylor mansion followed them to their new home; and within the parlors of this quaint but attractive Pavilion there was often gathered a brilliant assemblage of men and women famous from their positions in state and society.

In this house Mr. and Mrs. Morton passed their declining years. "I well remember it and its inmates," writes Mr. David Clapp, "from my earliest years, and can now distinctly recall the aged Morton couple, seated on their broad piazza, and enjoying the southwesterly summer breezes as they swept across the open plain."

The site of the Pavilion was very near that on which stood the primitive thatched-roof meeting-house of the first Dorchester settlers, and was on the first street laid out by them, known for so many years as Green Lane.

An old resident of Dorchester, in recalling the house, says: "It was built in old colonial style, and was by far the finest house in Dorchester. I remember visiting the house when a lad. The then owner had but recently retired from the wholesale shoe business, having acquired a large fortune. It is said that on the panels of the doors of his carriage was conspicuously painted —"

"Who would have thought it  
Shoes could have bought it."

Who the predecessors of Mr. Morton were in the ownership of the Taylor House is not known; certain it is that the personality of Mr. Morton stamped it with more of its character than any of its earlier owners, and that his name will ever be associated with the "Old Taylor Place." For three-quarters of a century it was occupied in succession by Coolidge, Hedge, and others, and finally by the Taylors, by whose name it will be known in history.

Mrs. Morton, a few days after the death of her husband, moved to Quincy, the scene of her childhood, but still retained the Pavilion at Dorchester in her possession. She died May 14, 1846, and not many years after, the Pavilion was taken down.

[A. W. BRAYLEY.]



## THE POWER OF SYMPATHY.

BY MRS. PEREZ MORTON.

### LETTER I.

HARRINGTON TO WORTHY.

BOSTON.

YOU may now felicitate me. I have had an interview with the charmer I informed you of. Alas! where were the thoughtfulness and circumspection of my friend Worthy? I did not possess them, and am grace-

ley of contradiction—the moralist and the amorous—the sentiment and the sensibility—are interwoven in my constitution, so that nature and grace are at continual fisticuffs. To the point:—

I pursued my determination of discovering the dwelling of my charmer, and have at length obtained access. You may behold my rosebud, but



DRAWN BY J. C. COLBURN.

HARRINGTON'S INTERVIEW WITH HARRIET.

ENGRAVED BY ANTONIO XAVIER.

less enough to acknowledge it. He would have considered the consequences before he had resolved upon the project. But you call me, with some degree of truth, a strange med-

should you presume to place it to your bosom, expect the force of my wrath to be the infallible consequence.

I declared the sincerity of my passion, the warmth of my affection, to

the beautiful Harriet. Believe me, Jack, she did not seem inattentive. Her mien is elegant, her disposition inclining to the melancholy, and yet her temper is affable and her answers easy; and as I poured my tender vows into the heart of my beloved, a crimson drop stole across her cheek, and thus I construe it in my own favor, as the sweet messenger of Hope:

“Do not wholly despair, my new friend. Excuse the declaration of a poor artless female; you see I am perfectly contented in my situation; (observe, Jack, I have not the vanity to think this distress *altogether* upon my account). Time, therefore, may disclose wonders, and perhaps more to your advantage than you imagine; do not despair, then.”

Such vulgar, uncongenial souls as that which animates thy clay cold carcass, would have thought this crimson drop nothing more than an ordinary blush! Be far removed from my heart such sordid, earth-born ideas. But come, thou spirit of celestial language, that canst communicate by one affectionate look, one tender glance, more divine information to the soul of sensibility, than can be contained in myriads of volumes!

Hail, gentle God of Love! While thou rivetest the chains of thy slaves, how dost thou make them leap for joy, as with delicious triumph. Happy enthusiasm! that while it carries us away into captivity can make the heart to dance as in the bosom of content. Hail, gentle God of Love! Encircled as thou art with darts, torments and ensigns of cruelty, still do we hail thee. How dost thou smooth over the roughness and asperities of present pain with what thou seest in

reversion! Thou banished the *Stygian* glooms of disquiet and suspense, by the hope of approaching Elysium. Blessed infatuation!

I desire you will not hesitate to pronounce an *amen* to my Hymn to Love, as an unequivocal evidence of your wish for my success.

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LETTER II.

WORTHY TO HARRINGTON.

NEW YORK.

“Wish you success!” In what? Who is this lady of whom you have been talking in such an inconsistent rate? But before you have leisure to reply to these inquiries, you may have forgotten there is such a person as she whom you call *Harriet*. I have seen many juvenile heroes during my pilgrimage of two and twenty years, easily inflamed with new objects—agitated and hurried away by the impetuosity of new desires—that at the same time they were by no means famous for solidity of judgment, or remarkable for the permanency of their resolutions. There is such a tumult—such an ebullition of the brain in these paroxysms of passion, that this new object is very superficially examined. These, added to partiality and prepossession, never fail to blind the eyes of the lover. Instead of weighing matters maturely, and stating the evidence fairly on both sides, in order to form a right judgment, every circumstance not perfectly coincident with your particular bias, comes not under consideration, because it does not flatter your vanity. “Ponder and pause” just here, and tell me seriously whether you are in love, and whether you have suffi-

ciently examined your heart to give a just answer.

Do you mean to insinuate that your declaration of love hath attracted the affection of the pensive Harriet? If this should be the case, I wish you would tell me what you design to do with her.

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LETTER III.

HARRINGTON TO WORTHY.

BOSTON.

I cannot but laugh at your dull sermons, and yet I find something in them not altogether displeasing; but for this reason I permit you to prate on. "Weigh matters maturely"! Ha! Ha! why art thou not arrayed in canonicals! "What do I design to do with her?" Upon my word, my sententious friend, you ask mighty odd questions. I see you aim a strike at the foundation upon which the pillar of my new system is reared, and will you strive to batter down that pillar? If you entertain any idea of executing such a task, I foresee it will never succeed, and advise you timely to desist. What! dost thou think to topple down my scheme of pleasure? Thou mightest as well topple down the pike of Teneriffe.

I suppose you will be ready to ask, why, if I love Harriet, I do not marry her. Your monitorial correspondence has so accustomed me to reproof that I easily anticipate this piece of impertinence. But who shall I marry? That is the question. Harriet has no father, no mother; neither is there aunt, cousin, or kindred of any degree who claim any kind of relationship to her. She is companion to Mrs. Francis, and, as I understand, totally dependent on that lady. Now, Mr.

Worthy, I must take the liberty to acquaint you that I am not so much of a republican as formerly to wed any person in this class. How laughable would my conduct appear were I to trace over the same ground marked out by thy immaculate footsteps—to be heard openly acknowledging for my bosom companion any daughter of the democratic empire of virtue!

To suppose a smart, beautiful girl would continue as companion to the best lady in Christendom, when she could raise herself to a more eligible situation, is to suppose a solecism—she may as well be immured in a nunnery. Now, Jack, I will show you my benevolent scheme: it is to take this beautiful sprig, and transplant it to a more favorable soil, where it shall flourish and blossom under my own auspices. In a word, I mean to remove this fine girl into an elegant apartment, of which she herself is to be the sole mistress. Is not this a proof of my humanity and goodness of heart? But I know the purport of your answer. So pray thee keep thy comments to thyself, and be sparing of your compliments on this part of my conduct, for I do not love flattery. A month has elapsed since my arrival in town. What shall the revolution of another moon bring forth?

Yours, &c.

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LETTER IV.

MISS HARRIET FAWSET TO MISS  
MYRA HARRINGTON.

BOSTON.

I have somehow bewitched a new lover, my dear *Myra*—a smart, clever fellow, too—and the youth expressed such fondness and passion that I began to feel afraid even to pity him—

for love will certainly follow. I own to you I esteem him very much, but must I go any further? He is extremely generous — polite — gay — and I believe if you were to see him, your partiality in his favor would exceed mine.

I never saw any poor swain so seemingly disconcerted and abashed as he was a few days ago—he appeared to have something particular to communicate, but his tongue faltered — ought not we to help out a modest youth in such cases?

Yours, &c.

of some of your *mentor*-like lessons of instruction. I have scarcely any opinion of my own, these fashions, changing about so often are enough to vitiate the best taste in the world.

I forgot to tell you my brother has been at home this month; but, from certain indubitable symptoms, I suspect the young man to be in love.

Heigho! what is become of Worthy? The time of my liberty steals away, for you know I was to have three or four months of liberty before I give myself up to his authority, and relinquished all my right and title to the name of

HARRINGTON.

LETTER V.

MISS MYRA HARRINGTON TO MRS.  
HOLMES.

BOSTON.

Are the rural pleasures of Belleview, my dear friend, so engaging as to debar us of the pleasure of your company forever? Do your dear groves, and your books, still employ your meditating mind? Serious sentimental as you are, let me ask whether a ball, a concert or serenade, would not afford you the satisfaction of a contemplative walk in your garden, listening to the love tales of the melodious inhabitants of the air?

Raillery apart—when shall I take upon myself the honor to wait upon you here? I want to advise with you on certain points of female conduct, and about my new dress. I have heard you say, lessons to a volatile mind should be fresh and fresh applied, because it either pretends to despise them or has a tendency to degeneracy. Now you must know I am actually degenerating for want

LETTER VI.

HARRINGTON TO WORTHY.

BOSTON.

Abashed — confounded — defeated — I waited upon my beloved with my head well furnished with ready-made arguments, to prevail on her to acquiesce in my benevolent scheme. She never appeared so amiable — grace accompanied every word she uttered, and every action she performed. “Think, my love,” said I, in a tone something between sighing and tears, and took her hand in a very cordial manner — “Think, my love, on your present, unhappy, menial situation, in the family of Mrs. Francis.” I enlarged on the violence of my passion — expatiated most metaphysically on our future happiness; and concluded by largely answering objections. “Shall we not,” continued I, “obey the dictates of nature rather than confine ourselves to the forced, unnatural rules of — and — and —

shall the haleyon days of youth slip through our fingers unenjoyed?"

Do you think, Worthy, I said this to Harriet? Not a syllable of it. It was impossible—my heart had the courage to dictate, but my rebellious tongue refused to utter a word—it faltered—stammered—hesitated.

There is a language of the eyes—and we conversed in that language; and though I said not a word with my tongue, she perfectly understood my meaning—for she *looked*—(and I comprehended it as well as if she had said)—"Is the crime of dependence to be expiated by the sacrifice of virtue? and because I am a poor, unfortunate girl, must the little I have be taken from me?" "No, my love," answered I, passionately, "it shall not."

Of all those undesirable things which influence the mind, and which are most apt to persuade—none is so powerful an orator—so feelingly eloquent as beauty. I bow to the all-conquering force of Harriet's eloquence—and what is the consequence? I am now determined to continue my addresses on a principle the most just, and the most honorable.

How amiable is that beauty which has its foundation in goodness! Reason cannot contemplate its power with indifference—wisdom cannot refrain from enthusiasm—and the sneering exertion of Wit cannot render it ridiculous. There is a *dignity* in *conscious virtue* that all my impudence cannot bring me to despise, and if it be beauty that subdues my heart, it is *this* that completes the triumph.—It is here my pompous parade and all my flimsy subterfuges appear to me in

their proper light. In fine, I have *weighed matters maturely*, and the alternative is—Harriet must be mine, or I miserable without her.—I have so well weighed the matter that even this idea is a flash of *joy* to my heart. But, my friend, *after the lightning comes the thunder*—my father is mortally averse to my making any matrimonial engagements at so early a period. This is a bar in my way, but I must leap over it.

Adieu!

---

#### LETTER VII.

MRS. HOLMES TO MISS HARRINGTON.

#### BELLEVUE.\*

Although my attachment to *Belleview* is not so romantic as your airy pen has described it, I think its quiet and amusements infinitely preferable to the bustle and parade with which you are surrounded.

The improvements made here by my late husband (who inherited the virtues of his parents, who still protects me, and endeavors to console the anguish of his loss by the most tender of affection), have rendered the charms of *Belleview* superior in my estimation to every gilded scene of the gay world.

It is almost vanity to pretend to give you a description of the beauties of the prospect—the grandeur of the river that rolls through the meadow in front of the house, or any eulogium

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\* *Belleview* was no other than the *Appthorpe* homestead at Quincy, for which Mrs. Morton had a passionate love. It is not to be wondered at then, that after the death of her husband she should seek the solitude and quiet of this elegant county seat.

on rural elegance, because these scenes are common to most places in the country. Nature is everywhere liberal in dispensing her beauties and her variety — and I pity those who look around and declare they see neither.

A great proportion of our happiness depends on our choice ; it offers itself to our taste, but it is the heart that gives it a relish — what at one time, for instance, we think to be humorous, is at another disgusting or insipid ; so unless we carry our appetite with us to the treat, we shall vainly wish to make ourselves happy. "Was I in a desert," says Sterne, "I would find wherewith in it to call forth my affections. If I could do no better, I would fasten them on some sweet myrtle, or seek some melancholy cypress to connect myself to. I would court their shade, and greet them kindly for their protection. If their leaves withered, I would teach myself to mourn, and when they rejoiced, I would rejoice along with them."

I believe you could hardly find the way to the summer house, where we have enjoyed many happy hours together, and which you used to call "The Temple of Apollo." It is now more elegantly furnished than it formerly was, and is enriched with a considerable addition to the library and music.

In front of the avenue that leads to this place, is a figure of **CONTENT**, pointing with one hand to the Temple, and with the other to an **INVITATION**, executed in such an antique style that you would think it done either by the ancient inhabitants of the country, or by the hand of a fairy. She is very

particular in the characters she invites, but those whom she invites she heartily welcomes.

#### RURAL INSCRIPTION.

Come ye who loathe the horrid crest,  
Who hate the fiery front of Mars ;  
Who scorn the mean — the sordid breast —  
Who fly ambition's guilty cares ;  
Ye who are blest with peaceful souls,  
Rest here; enjoy the pleasure round.  
Here fairies quaff their acorn bowls,  
And lightly print the mazy ground.

Thrice welcome to this humble scene,  
(To ye alone such scenes belong.)  
Peace smiles upon the fragrant green,  
And here the woodland sisters throng,  
And fair Contentment's pleasing train,  
Whilst in the heaven the stars advance,  
With many a maid and many a swain  
Lead up the jocund, rural dance.

Thrice welcome to our calm retreat,  
Where innocence oft hath strove  
With violet blue, and woodbine sweet,  
To form the votive wreath to love ;  
Oh! pardon, then, our cautious pride —  
(Caution, a virtue rare, I ween,)  
For evils with the great abide,  
Which dwell not in our sylvan scene.

These are the scenes to which I have chosen to retreat; contented with the suffrage of the virtuous and the good, and inattentive to the contemptuous sneer of the giddy and the futile, for even these have the vanity to look with pity on those who voluntarily remove from whatever agrees with their ideas of pleasure. He who has no conception of the beauties of the mind, will condemn a person awkward or ill-formed ; and one whose store of enjoyment is drawn from affluence and abundance, will be astonished at the conduct of him who finds cause to rejoice, though surrounded with inconvenience and penury. Hence we judge of the happiness of others

by the standard of our own conduct and prejudices.

From this misjudging race I retire without a sigh to mingle in their amusements, nor yet disgusted at whatever is thought of sufficient consequence to engage their pursuits. I fly from the tumult of the town—from scenes of boisterous pleasure and riot, to those of quietness and peace, “where every breeze breathes health, and every sound is the echo of tranquillity;”—on this subject I give my sentiments to you with freedom, from a conviction that I bear the world no spleen; at the same time, with a degree of deference to the judgment of others, from a conviction that I may be a little prejudiced.

I hope to be with you soon—in the meantime continue to write.

ELIZA HOLMES.

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LETTER VIII.

WORTHY TO HARRINGTON.

NEW YORK.

I applaud your change of sentiments; Harriet is a good girl, and your conduct is extremely praiseworthy and honorable. It is what her virtues incontestibly merit. But I advise you certainly to gain your father's approbation before you proceed so far as to be unable to return. A contrary step might terminate in the utter ruin of you both. Direct to me at Bellevue, for I intend to stop there on my return to Boston.

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LETTER IX.

HARRINGTON TO WORTHY.

BOSTON.

I have had a conversation with my father on the subject of early mar-

riages, but to no purpose. I will not be certain whether he understood my drift, but all his arguments are applicable to my situation. One must be an adept to argue with him; and interested as he thinks himself in the result of the debate, he cannot be prevailed upon to relinquish his settled opinion. I am too much chagrined to write you even the heads of our conversation. I now stand upon my own ground.

Adieu.

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LETTER X.

WORTHY TO MYRA.

BELLEVUE.

I am very happy at present enjoying the sweets of Bellevue with our excellent friend, Mrs. Holmes. To dwell in this delightful retreat, and to be blest with the conversation of this amiable woman cannot be called solitude.

The charms of Nature are here beheld in the most luxuriant variety—it is here diversified with a beautiful prospect, the late Mr. Holmes planned his garden; it is elegant but simple. My time glides off my hands most happily. I am sometimes indulging my solitary reflections in contemplating the sublimity of the scenes around me, and sometimes in conversation with Eliza and the old people. The old gentleman\* is a man of most

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\* Those who have made a study of people and subjects of Quincy will readily recognize in the Rev. Mr. Holmes the celebrated pastor Rev. Dr. Greenleaf, who was a warm friend of Mrs. Morton, and of whom she no doubt made a confidant. His counsels and advice were ever welcome to the talented authoress, especially in her hour of affliction.

benevolent heart; he continues to preach, is assiduous in the duties of his profession, and is the love and admiration of his flock. He prescribes for the health of the body, as well as that of the soul, and settles all the little disputes of his parish; they are contented with his judgment, and he is at once their parson, their lawyer, and their physician. I often read in the little building that was finished by his son. He was a man of excellent taste, and I have paid my tribute to his memory. It is the same place that you used to admire, and perhaps I improve more of my time in it on that very account.

Adieu.

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#### LETTER XI.

MRS. HOLMES TO MYRA.

#### BELLEVIEW.

I sit down to give you, my dear Myra, some account of the visitants of to-day, and their conversation. We are not always *distinguished* by such company, but perhaps it is sometimes necessary; and as it is a relaxation from thought, it serves to give us more pleasure in returning to the conversation of people of ideas.

Mrs. Bourn assumes a higher rank in life than she pretended to seven years ago. She then walked on foot — she now, by good fortune, rides in a chariot. Placed, however, in a situation with which her education does not altogether comport, she has nothing disagreeable but her over assiduity to please — this is sometimes disgusting, for we cannot feast heartily upon honey. It is an error which a candid mind easily forgives. She

sometimes appears solicitous to display her mental accomplishments, and desirous to improve those of her daughter, but it is merely apparent. Notwithstanding a temporary wish may arise toward the attainment of this point, a habitual vacancy nips it in the bud.

Miss Bourn is about the age of fourteen — genteel, with a tolerable share of beauty, but not striking; her dress was elegant, but might have been adjusted to more advantage — not altogether awkward in her manners, nor yet can she be called graceful. She has a peculiar air of drollery which takes her by fits, and for this reason, perhaps, does not avail herself of every opportunity of displaying the modesty of her sex. She has seen much company, but instead of polishing her manners it has only increased her assurance.

Thus much of the characters of our company. After some small chat which passed as we took a turn in the garden, we entered the Temple.

“What books would you recommend to put in the hands of my daughter?” said Mrs. Bourn, as she walked into the library; “it is a matter of some importance.” “It is a matter of more importance,” answered Worthy, “than is generally imagined; for unless a proper selection is made, one would do better never to read at all. Now, madam, as much depends on the choice of books, care should be taken not to put those in the way of young persons which might leave in their minds any disagreeable prejudice, or which has a tendency to corrupt their morals.”

“As obvious as your remark is,” added Mr. Holmes, “it is evidently

overlooked in the common course of education. We wisely exclude those persons from our conversation whose characters are bad, whose manners are depraved, or whose morals are impure; but if they are excluded from an apprehension of contaminating our minds, how much more dangerous is the company of those books where the strokes aimed at virtue are redoubled, and the poison of vice, by repeatedly reading the same things, indelibly distains the young mind!"

"We all agree," rejoined Worthy, "that it is as great a matter of virtue and prudence to be circumspect in the selection of our books, as in the choice of our company." "But, sir, the best things may be subverted to an ill use. Hence we may possibly trace the cause of the ill tendency of many of the novels extant."

"Most of the novels," interrupted my father, "with which our female libraries are overrun, are built on a foundation not always placed on strict morality, and in the pursuit of objects not always probable or praiseworthy. Novels, not regulated on the chaste principles of true friendship, rational love, and connubial duty, appear to me totally unfit to form the minds of women, of friends, or of wives."

"But as most young people read," says Mrs. Bourn, "what rule can be hit upon to make study always terminate to advantage?"

"Impossible," cries Miss, "for I read as much as anybody, and though it may afford amusement while I am employed, I do not remember a single word when I lay down the book."

"This confirms what I say of novels," cried Mr. Holmes, addressing Worthy in a jocular manner, "just

calculated to kill time—to attract the attention of the reader for an hour, but leave not one idea in the mind."

"I am far from condemning every production in the gross," replied Worthy; "general satire against any particular class, or order of men, may be viewed in the same light as a satire against the species—it is the same with books. If there are corrupt or mortified members, it is hardly fair to destroy the whole body. Now I grant some novels have a bad tendency, yet there are many which contain excellent sentiments, but these receive the deserved reward—let those be disconcerted; and if it is impossible to 'smite them with an apoplexy, there is a moral certainty of their dying of consumption.' But, as Mrs. Bourn observes, most young persons read, I would, therefore, recommend to those who wish to mingle instruction with entertainment, method and regularity in reading. To dip into any book, burdens the mind with unnecessary lumber, and may rather be called a disadvantage than a benefit. The record of memory is so scrawled and blotted with imperfect ideas that not one legible character can be traced."

"Were I to throw my thoughts on this subject," said my good father-in-law, as he began to enter more warmly into the debate—drawing his chair opposite Worthy, and raising his hand with a poetical enthusiasm—"were I to throw my thoughts on this subject into an allegory, I would describe the human mind as an extensive plain, and knowledge as the river that should water it. If the course of the river be properly directed the plain will be fertilized and

cultivated to advantage; but if books, which are the sources that feed this river, rush into it from every quarter, it will overflow its banks, and the plain will become inundated; when, therefore, knowledge flows on in its proper channel this extensive and valuable field, the mind, instead of being covered with stagnant waters is cultivated to the utmost advantage, and blooms luxuriantly into a general efflorescence—for a river properly restricted by high banks is necessarily progressive."

The old gentlemen brought down his hand with great solemnity, and we complimented him in his poetical exertion.

"I cannot comprehend the meaning of this matter," said the penetrative Miss Bourn.

"I will explain it to you, my little dear," said he with great good nature. "If you read with any design to improve your mind in virtue and every amiable accomplishment, you should be careful to read, methodically, that which will enable you to form an estimate of the various topics discussed in company, and to bear a part in all those conversations which belong to your sex. You see, therefore, how necessary general knowledge is; what would you think of a woman advanced in life, who has no other store of knowledge than that she has obtained from experience?"

"I think she would have a sorry time of it," answered Miss.

"To prevent it in yourself," said Mrs. Bourn to her daughter, "be assiduous to lay in a good stock of this knowledge while your mind is free from prejudice and care."

"How shall I *go to work*, madam?" enquired the delicate daughter.

Mrs. Bourn turned toward Mr. Holmes, which was hint enough for the good old man to proceed.

"There is a medium to be observed," continued he, "in a lady's reading; she is not to receive every kind she finds, even in the best books, as inviolable lessons of conduct; of books written in an easy, flowing style, which excel in description and the luxuriance of fancy, the imagination is apt to get heated; she ought therefore to discern with an eye of judgment between the superficial and the penetrating—the elegant and the tawdry—what may be merely amusing and what may be useful. General reading will not teach her a true knowledge of the world.

"In books she finds recorded the faithfulness of friendship—the constancy of *true love*, and even that honesty is the best policy. If virtue is represented carrying its reward with it, she too easily persuades herself that mankind have adopted this plan. Thus she finds, when perhaps it is too late, that she has entertained wrong notions of human nature; that her friends are deceitful—her lovers false—and that men consult interest oftener than honesty.

"A young lady who has imbibed her ideas of the world from desultory reading, and placed confidence in the virtue of others, will bring back disappointment when she expected gratitude. Unsuspicious of deceit, she is easily deceived—from the purity of her own thoughts she trusts the faith of mankind, until experience convinces her of her error; she falls a sacri-

fice to her credulity, and her only consolation is the simplicity and goodness of her heart.

"The story of Miss Whitman \* is an emphatical illustration of the truth of these observations. An inflated fancy not restricted by judgment, leads too often to disappointment and repent-

\*This young lady was of a reputable family in Connecticut. In her youth she was admired for beauty and good sense. She was a great reader of novels and romances, and having imbibed her ideas of the character of men from those fallacious sources, became vain and coquettish, and rejected several offers of marriage, in expectation of receiving one more agreeable to her fanciful ideas. Disappointed in her fairy hope, and finding her train of admirers less solicitous for the honor of her hand, in proportion as the roses of youth decay, she was the more easily persuaded to relinquish that stability which is the honor and happiness of the sex. The consequence of her amour became visible. She acquainted her lover of her situation, and a *husband* was proposed for her, who was to receive a considerable sum for preserving the reputation of the lady; but having received security for the payment, he immediately withdrew. She then left her friends, and travelled in the stage as far as Watertown, where she hired a young man to conduct her in a chaise to Salem. Here she wandered alone and friendless, at length repairing to the *Bell Tavern* in Danvers, where she was delivered of a lifeless child, and in about a fortnight after (in July, 1788,) died of a puerperal fever, aged about thirty-five years.

(A note written at the bottom of the page, in the handwriting of Mr. Fleet, says, "I think this is not true; it was not said at the time, and it was supposed that she died by her own hand.")

Before her death she amused herself with reading, writing and needle-work, and though in a state of anxiety, preserved a cheerfulness, not so much as the effect of insensibility as of patience and fortitude. She was sensible of her approaching fate, as appears from the following letter, which was written in characters:

"MUST I die alone? shall I never see

ance. Such will be the fate of those who become (to use her own words)

"Lost in the magic of that sweet employ,  
To build gay scenes and fashion future joy."

"With a good heart she possessed a poetical imagination, and an unbounded thirst for novelty; but these

you more? I know that you will come, but you will come too late. This is, I fear, my last ability. Tears fall so I know not how to write. Why did you leave me in so much distress? But I will not reprove you; all that was dear I left for you, but do not regret it. May God forgive in both what was amiss; when I go from hence, I will leave you some way to find me; if I die, will you come and drop a tear over my grave?"

In the following poem she, like the dying swan, sings her own elegy, and it is here added as a sorrowful instance, how often the best and most pleasing talents, not accompanied by virtue and prudence, operate the destruction of their possessor.

The description of her unfortunate problem will remind the critical reader of the famous ode of *Sappho*. In genius and misfortune, these poetical ladies were similar.

#### DISAPPOINTMENT.

"WITH fond impatience all the tedious day,  
I sighed and wished the lingering hours away;  
For when bright Hesper led the starry train,  
My Shepherd swore to me on the plain;  
With eager haste to that dear spot I flew,  
And lingered long, and then with tears withdrew:  
Alone, abandoned to love's tenderest woes,  
Down my pale cheeks the tide of sorrow flows;  
Dead to all joys that fortune can bestow,  
In vain for me her useless bounties flow;  
Take back each envied gift, ye powers divine,  
And only let me call FIDELIO mine.

"Ah, wretch! what anguish yet thy soul must prove,  
Ere thou canst hope to lose thy care in love;  
And when FIDELIO meets thy tearful eye,  
Pale fear and cold despair his presence fly;  
With pensive steps, I sought thy walks again,  
And kissed thy token on the verdant plain;  
With fondest hope through many a blissful bow'r,  
We gave the soul to fancy's pleasing pow'r.  
Lost in the magic of that sweet employ,  
To build gay scenes and fashion future joy,  
We saw mild peace o'er fair Canaan rise,  
And showered her blessing from benignant skies;  
On airy hills our happy mansion rose,  
Built but for joy, no room for future woes;

airy talents, not counterpoised with judgment, or perhaps serious reflection, instead of adding to her happiness were the cause of her ruin."

"I conclude, from your reasoning," said I, "and it is besides my own opinion, that many fine girls have been ruined by reading novels?"

"And I believe," added Mrs. Bourn,

Sweet as the sleep of innocence, the day  
(By transports measured) lightly danced away;  
To love, to bliss, the union'd soul was given,  
And each, too happy, asked no brighter heaven.

"And must the hours in ceaseless anguish roll?  
And will no soft sunshine cheer my clouded soul?  
Can this dear earth no transient joy supply?  
Is it my doom to hope, despair and die?  
Oh! come once more, with soft endearments  
come!

Burst the cold prison of the sullen tomb;  
Through favored walks thy chosen maid attend,  
Where well-known shades their pleasing branches  
bend,

Shed the soft poison from thy speaking eye,  
And look those raptures lifeless words deny;  
Still be, though late, reheard what ne'er could  
tire,  
But told each eve, fresh pleasures would inspire;  
Still hope those scenes which love and fancy drew;  
But, drawn a thousand times, were ever new.

"Can fancy paint, can words express;  
Can aught on earth my woes redress?  
E'en thy soft smiles can ceaseless prove  
Thy truth, thy tenderness and love.  
Once thou couldst every bliss inspire,  
Transporting joy and gay Desire;  
Now cold Despair her banner rears,  
And Pleasure flies when she appears.  
Fond Hope within my bosom dies,  
And Agony her place supplies;  
O, thou! for whose dear sake I bear  
A doom so dreadful, so severe,  
May happy fates thy footsteps guide,  
And o'er thy peaceful home preside;  
Nor let Eliza's early tomb  
Infect thee with its baleful gloom.

The following reference to the story of Miss Whitman is told by Ephraim Fleet:

Betsey Whitman was daughter of the minister of Hartford, in Connecticut, and was almost a prodigy of learning and all female accomplishments. She resided in Boston occasionally. She at that time was said to be an amanuensis of Mr. Dwight, a tutor and afterwards President of Yale College, whose character stood as high as any man's

"we may trace from hence the causes of spleen in many persons advanced in life."

"You mean old maids, madam?" says the sagacious miss, "like my Aunt Deborah; she calls all the men deceitful, and most women, with her, are no better than they should be."

"Well said!" exclaimed Worthy;

could as a scholar. It was said that he meant to *preach*, but it was some time before he did. For a while he attended to the study of law; whether he ever practised, I know not, in that profession. I next come to him as a poet. He wrote an *epic poem*, called the *Conquest of Canaan*, and flattered himself that it would equal Milton's *Paradise Lost*. It did not greatly improve his fame, but he used to anticipate that the time would come, as it is said was the case with Milton, after his death, when the merits of it would be discovered. Of Miss Whitman I next heard as a favorite correspondent of my sister, afterwards Mrs. Goodwin. At that time she was said to be contracted to Mr. Buckminster, since known as the father of our friend in Brattle Street, who had also succeeded her former friend, Mr. Dwight, as a tutor at Yale College, and for some time supplied the pulpit of the New Brick Church for the good Doctor Pemberton. The doctor engaged, if they would settle a man to his mind, he would renounce the parish, being old and infirm, and give a discharge for the account due to him — for he was a man of affluence and the parish poor. But there was a Mr. Story, who afterwards was minister of Marblehead, who belonged to that parish and divided it. Story affected to be a second Whitfield, to whom Doctor Pemberton was devoted; but Dr. P. did not approve of him, and the war of 1775 commencing, put a stop to the settlement of anyone.

After that I heard no more of Miss Whitman, excepting now and then as a friend of my sister. She stood high, however, in the estimation of her friends; at what time she began to merit the attention of Mr. Buckminster I know not, but he settled in New Hampshire, and [was] married there to a

"the recollection of chagrin and former disappointments sours one's temper, and mortifies the heart—disappointment will be more or less severe in proportion as we elevate expectations; for the most sanguine tempers are the soonest discouraged, as the highest building is in the most danger of falling."

"It appears what I have said," resumed Mr. Holmes, "that those books which teach us a knowledge of the world are useful to form the minds of females, and ought therefore to be studied."

I mentioned *Rochefoucaut's maxims*—

"Do they not degrade human nature?" inquired my father.

"This little book," answered Worthy, "contains much truth; and those short sketches, traced by the hand of judgment, present to us the leading features of mankind."

"But," replied my father, "that *interest should assume all shapes*, is a doctrine which, in my mind, represents a caricature rather than a living picture."

"It is the duty of the painter to produce a likeness," says Worthy.

Miss Stevens. For many years Miss Whitman was heard nothing of, when it was announced in the Boston papers that a lady, who appeared to be accomplished, had been left at a tavern in Danvers, near Salem, but she was unknown; had engaged to reside there until called for by a gentleman who would soon arrive and take her to her home. She gave no account of herself, yet attracted the regard and affection of those about her. She strutted about in a romantic manner, wrote some, both poetry and prose, complained of disappointment and neglect, and from some letters which she left addressed to a Mr. Bull, after upbraiding him, it was supposed she died by her own hand. We

"And a skillful one," cried my father, continuing the metaphor, "will bring the amiable qualities of the heart to light, and those which disgrace humanity into the shade."

"I doubt," replied Worthy, "whether this flattery will answer the purpose you aim to accomplish; you entertain a high opinion of *the dignity of human nature*, and are displeased at the author who advances anything derogatory to that dignity. Swift, in speaking of these maxims, in one of his best poems, affirms—

'They argue no corrupt mind  
In him—the fault is in mankind.'

"As I began this subject," added I, "it shall be ended by one observation—as these maxims give us an idea of the manners and characters of men, among whom a young person is soon to appear, and as it is necessary to her security and happiness that she be made acquainted with them—they may be read to advantage."

"There is another medium," said Mr. Holmes, assenting to my observation, "to be noticed in the study of a lady—she takes up a book, either for instruction or entertainment; the medium lies in knowing when to put

soon made a visit of inquiry, let it be known who she was, etc.; her friends had evidently forsaken her, but nothing derogatory to her moral character was ever alleged or suspected. When my sister heard of her fate, on inquiry she learned that, having lost the affection of Mr. Buckminster, she had become visionary, and devoted herself to study of romances and novels; and, after attracting the attention of a number of admirers, she lost their regard—that the last, Mr. Bull was a very different character from what she had been used to. How or why she was lodged at Danvers, where she was a perfect stranger, was never developed. Mr. Bull was also unknown there.

it down. Constant application becomes labor—it sours the temper, gives an air of thoughtfulness, and frequently of absence. By *moderate reading*, we hoard up opinions and become insensibly attracted to them. This miserly conduct sinks us to affectation, and disgustful pedantry; conversation only can remedy this dangerous evil, strengthen the judgment, and make reading really useful. They mutually depend upon and assist each other.

“A knowledge of history which exhibits to us in one view the rise, progress, and decay, of nations—which points out the advancement of the mind in society, and the improvements in the arts which adorn human nature, comes with propriety under the notice of a lady. To observe the origin of civilization—the gradual progress of society, and the refinement of manners, policy, morality and religion—to observe the progression of mankind from simplicity to luxury, from luxury to effeminacy, and the gradual steps of the decline of empire and the dissolution of states and kingdoms, must blend that happy union of instruction and entertainment, which never fails to win our attention to the pursuit of all subjects.

“Poetry claims her due from the ladies. Poetry enlarges and strengthens the mind, refines the taste and improves the judgment. It has been asserted that women have no business with *satire*. Now satire is but a branch of poetry. I acknowledge, however, much stale wit is sent into the world under this general title; but no critic with whom I am acquainted ever called satire stale wit

—for as long as vice and folly continue to predominate in the human heart, the satirist will be considered as a useful member of society.

“I believe Addison calls him an auxiliary to the pulpit. Suffer me to enlarge on this *new idea*. Satire is the correction of the vices and follies of the human heart; a woman may, therefore, read it to advantage. What I mean by enforcing this point, is, to impress the minds of females with the principle of self-correction; for among all kinds of knowledge which rise from reading, the duty of self-knowledge is a very eminent one, and is at the same time the most useful and important.

“Our ordinary discourse with the world will present to us in a very clear kind of view, the fallacious ideas we sometimes entertain of our own self-knowledge; we are blinded by our pride and self-love, and will not observe our own imperfections which we blame with the greatest acrimony in other people, and seem to detest with the greatest abhorrence; so that it often happens, while we are branding our neighbors for some foible or vanity, we ourselves are equally guilty.

“Ridiculous as this conduct must appear in the eyes of all judicious people, it is too frequently practised to escape observation.

“I will drop this piece of morality, with a charge to the fair reader that whenever she discovers a satire, ridiculing or reprimanding the follies of mankind, that she look into her own heart, and compare the strictures on the conduct of others with her own feelings.”

(To be continued.)

# THE DEVELOPMENT OF THE SHOE AND LEATHER TRADE IN MASSACHUSETTS.

BY ARTHUR WELLINGTON BRAYLEY.

## CHAPTER I.

THE origin of commerce was so early in the darkness of prehistoric times that it is impossible for the historian's eye to discover its exact starting point. Our first view of it is just when it partially emerges from this obscurity, stealing from Egypt along the African coasts and thence spreading among the islands and surrounding coasts of the Mediterranean Sea and across to the darker shores of the Atlantic. As it thus progresses the darkness is dispersed and the intellectual world is quickened as savage man begins to comprehend the idea of common interest, when abandoning their ferocity they commence to associate upon that more friendly principle. In this manner arose the famous distinction which afterwards under the heads of *Grecian* and *Barbarian* divided the civilized (the commercial) world of that day from the other parts of man's habitation. Upon the dissolution of the Roman Empire when Europe had almost relapsed into her pristine barbarism, whoever shall attend commerce into her retreats in the Adriatic Gulf and through her several dispersions and removals, may see in her advance or retreat the rise and decay of liberty, of arts and of science. At this day, in a strict review of the several nations throughout the world, I believe that the condition of their commerce is but the index finger on the dial of civilization marking the progress of our race.

The inhabitants on the banks of

the Congo river and on the Charles are the same species, but it is commerce that has occasioned the difference, antecedent to which man was everywhere found without sense of religion, law or humanity. It was commerce, working through the desire for gain, that discovered this new world. The scenes enacted all along the continent were of barter and trade between the Spaniard, the Englishman, or other European, with the Indian, but civilization's oppressing greed was in its infancy, when introduced to the savage, but grew rapidly so powerful that it has virtually crushed them from existence.

However, another people was soon to emigrate from the old world to the new whom the most hostile cannot censure as led by a motive of worldly gain by trade. Forced to leave a monarchy, they took refuge in a republic, where, from a previous letter of Elder William Brewster, they knew there was "liberty for all men." The same tyranny which drove out so many good men from England had already nearly ruined the woolen and other textile manufactures of Norfolk, many of whom brought their capital and skill to Leyden. In this wealthy and enterprising city resided hundreds of people of English birth, leaders in the various departments of commerce—soldiers in the Dutch army and students in the university. Thither, in 1610, came John Robinson, their spiritual

teacher, and his congregation of the Pilgrim church which was born about 1604, at the Manor House at Scrooby, in the northern part of Nottinghamshire, England.

In the twelve years during which these future builders of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts resided in the Dutch republic they learned much of its government, politics, business and handicraft. William Bradford, Isaac Allerton and Degory Priest, representatives of the Pilgrims, became citizens of Leyden and closely studied the working of republican institutions. Here was revealed the perfect operation of a nation of sovereign states bound in federal union by a written constitution. Here, under the tri-colored flag, were free public common-schools, the registration of deeds, mortgages and wills, the written ballot, freedom of the press, toleration in religion, democratic government in church affairs; and, among the Anabaptists, who were numerous around them, complete separation of church and state. In fact, the debt this country owes to the Dutch can not be overestimated.

But their life was becoming too closely intermingled with their friends and fears were entertained that their people would be swallowed up by the Dutch nationality, so that to maintain their independence they resolved to cross the Atlantic to the New World. They made their journey in boats by canal to Delfshaven, embarked on the "Speedwell" and crossed to Southampton, where they were joined by John Alden and other colonists, and the "Speedwell" was replaced by the "Mayflower."

One hundred and one persons land-

ed at Plymouth on the shortest day of the year, December 21, 1620.

The first or common house was begun on Christmas day, and soon a group of seven rough dwellings sheltered the company. Here, then, was the first successful settlement of a colony, consisting mostly of Englishmen, on the shores of the Indian country—the beginning of the commonwealth of Massachusetts. The name "Massachusetts," meaning a "great hill," came probably from a single elevation overlooking Boston Harbor (Blue Hill, near Milton) and part of it still lives in Mount "Wachusetts."

As men ordinarily estimate happiness the Pilgrims of Plymouth, especially, were deficient in everything which enters into the computation of external good.

There was an almost total absence of what reality furnishes, or imagination supplies. Not only the softer delights of pastoral loveliness, but those grander developments which at least dignify nature in some of the severest manifestations of her infinite moods, were equally wanting. No awful and cloud-crowned mountain, luminous with perpetual snows, glittered upon their enchanted vision; no meadow spread before their eyes, enamelled with flowers; no rivers, clearer and purer than the bountiful bosom of maternal earth ordinarily vouchsafes, sparkled between emerald banks and golden sands; nor could they promise themselves to wander amidst consecrated groves, resonant with the intermingled harmonies of every airy melody and heavy with the lingering perfume of fragrant beds of spontaneous bloom beneath.

They saw before them the low swell of the yellow sand-heap, and the dreariness of winter settling down in browner shadows upon the more distant hills. Instead of the lustrous gleam, that rolls with the undercurrent of the azure river, blending its blue with gold, only the new-formed ice, that glittered upon the margin of every standing pool. For meads embroidered with luxuriant flowers of softest tint or deeper dye, nothing but the level of the desolate marsh, stretching far away crested only with its unsightly patches of ragged sedge, and for the lulling music of Arcadian woods, no song but the solemn requiem of long departed summer, breathed by the rising winds in no gentle tones to the responsive sighing of the November pines.

Scarcely to the peal of triumphal hymns, therefore, but surely with patient and undaunted hearts, they sought and thus found their home in the midst of a dreary wilderness, which promised absolutely nothing for their present necessities, but where the sad aspect of haggard want foretold the dispensation and infliction of privation and suffering.

And yet in the presence of such a scene, upon the deck of their frail vessel at her moorings in the harbor of Provincetown — before the first footstep had consecrated that "Forefathers' Rock," to be forever afterward the very altar-stone amongst the memorials of that lonely harbor at Plymouth — looking truth steadfastly in the face, and with a wiser forethought of the true condition of man than those who imagine a primeval society of natural, unrestrained

and therefore impracticable human freedom, they drafted and executed such an instrument as was never made before — that brief and noble declaration of principles, looking to the future formation of a frame of civil government which should be known to all succeeding times as the "Constitution of the Mayflower."

Though they thus settled upon the doctrine of a polity worthy of the sagest men of state, the Star in the West, which they had seen, signified to them only security from religious persecution. No mere worldliness is competent for the just estimation of characters quite out of scope of its vision, whether it be known under the title of philosophy or history. These pilgrims can not be judged, according to the ordinary rules of worldly prudence, for the only prosperity they sought was the welfare of their souls.

Actuated and governed, in a great degree, by the same general motives and principles, yet one chief object of their compatriots of Massachusetts Bay was undoubtedly to build a state.

And have they not builded better than they knew? This Massachusetts is truly the Mother of New England, for hers were all its colonies, either by the natural and direct relations of offspring and home, or else, in one particular instance, by the bestowal of her maternal adoption and by filial submission to her control.

Upon any just judgment of the ordinary progress of human affairs, of what speculative failure can they be properly accounted responsible, these founders of a commonwealth, whose system was necessarily modified by

advancing time and opinion, who took possession of so considerable a region of an uncivilized hemisphere, and so maintained themselves, under all sufferings and against all conflicts and discouragements; who established principles of civil government still subsisting in their original force, and chiefly by their means diffused over a nation of free institutions; who developed a religious character yet venerated by a vast majority of their descendants, and, in spite of declensions, to which their own, like every other community, must have been subject, still seriously affecting the minds and conducts of their posterity; and who entered into a civil compact of mutual defence and offense, of such binding virtue and obligation amongst themselves that the distinctive features of the alliance, though now not formally acknowledged, and though practically superseded by state and national constitutions, yet, in no merely theoretical sense, remain, making that population — so feeble two centuries ago, and now reckoned by thousands — still a peculiar people within the bounds of its own territory, remarkably concordant in opinion on topics of public interest or importance, whether right or wrong; and making the children who go out from it, to whatever other state or distant country, to retain in a singular degree, and after the lapse of many years, the habits and thoughts, the feelings and affections of Massachusetts. It is thus that, under this venerable name, she holds her reputation, which, more than upon any present intelligence, enterprise, prosperity, or power, rests upon the character of the ancestors of her people, resulting from their

solid virtues and substantial wisdom; but a reputation, which must be necessarily forfeited as these ennobling elements decline.

It has been said that "the world might well afford to lose all record of an hundred ancient battles or sieges, if it could thereby gain the knowledge of one lost art; and even the Pyramids bequeathed to us by ancient Egypt in her glory would be well exchanged for a few of her humble workshops and factories as they stood in the days of the Pharaohs." Of the true history of mankind, only a few chapters have as yet been written; and now, when the deficiencies of what we have are beginning to be realized, we find the materials for supplying them have in good part perished in the lapse of time, or that they have been trampled recklessly beneath the hoofs of the war-horse.

The historian of the Bay State has no such remote period from which to lift the veil, nevertheless, the story of the every-day pursuits of the colonists, how they lived and supported their families and shaped their character, or directed the channels of American labor, has been closely hidden behind the exhaustive chronicle of their public acts, their lineage and their religious teachings.

Though emancipated from home influence, as they dearly loved to call the mother-land, they were for years dependent upon the workshops of Europe, from which even at the present day we are not yet liberated. The first few years of their life here cannot be classed as commercial, but only as industrial. They brought with them a few necessities of life, a scanty store at the most, part of which they

often shared with other adventurers who, like Weston's company, in the month of March abandoned their settlement and repaired to Manhiggan. True, they bartered a little with the red men, but experience soon convinced them that the supplies thus obtained were inadequate to their wants, and they were compelled to secure a competency by their own cultivation. For this purpose, the youth were distributed in families, and it was agreed that every family should plant for their own particular benefit. Land was apportioned to the families according to their numbers, though no division was made for inheritance. In all other things, a community of property and interest was still preserved. The good success resulting from this arrangement is particularly noted. "Even the women and children," says the Governor, "now go into the field to work, and much more corn is planted than ever." So obvious is the tendency of separate property to stimulate industry, that it may seem unaccountable why they should not before have adopted it, or why, when adopted, it should have been with such limitations. It was not from any peculiar fantastic opinion; for the correct and sober-minded Bradford reprobates the vanity of Plato's conceit, that "taking away property and bringing a community into a commonwealth would make it prosperous and happy." Their community of interests arose from the nature of their engagement with the company of merchant "adventurers" in England, by whose aid they had been conveyed to this country, and were furnished with necessary supplies.

By their articles of agreement, it was stipulated that the personal services of the planters and their wives and children, estimated at an agreed rate, should make common stock with the property advanced either by them or the adventurers; that they should be employed, according to their several faculties, in fishing, planting, building and trading, and that at the end of seven years the capital and profit, including houses and lands, as well as goods, should be divided among the adventurers and planters, according to their respective shares.

By the first contract agreed to, it was provided that the houses and improved land should remain wholly with the planters at the end of the seven years, and that they should be allowed two days in each week for themselves and families. But these favorable provisions the adventurers afterwards refused to confirm; and the planters, being resolutely bent on their undertaking, ultimately consented, though with great reluctance, to those which were substituted. In the execution of this agreement it required all the energy and discretion of the principal founders of the settlement to prevent serious discontent and divisions. They were determined religiously to adhere to the contract; and in the sermons of Cushman, and other documents which have been preserved, we find evidence of their zealous exertions to confine the settlers during the stipulated term to an exclusive attention to the general interest.

The trade or exchange of fish and peltry effected in 1623 with the West Indies and the Catholic countries of Europe was the beginning of the great

industry which has partly been considered the corner-stone of New England prosperity. Exchange at home and abroad was the only method of trade, specie being rarely handled in any transaction. In lieu of money, the traders bartered with the natives for beaver and other skins, luxuries such as tobacco or rum, or trinkets of beads, knives, blankets, shot, guns, etc., which soon proved a hindrance to the settlement of the country, as the Indian, when occasion required, would use them against the whites; besides, it hindered the work of Christianizing (?) the aborigines. Much to the disgust of the traders who cared more for their own interest than for another's ruin, restrictions were imposed as to the kind of goods exchanged.

Such articles as well as peltry were given and received as cash among the colonists. Another circulating medium was wampum, or Indian money, which was of two sorts, one white, made of the stem or stock of the periwinkle, when all the shell was broken off; they were like small beads strung through poles, and were current with the English for a penny. The second was black, inclining to blue, and was made of the shell of a fish called "poquahack" (probably the hen clam or quahaug), of which three were taken as equivalent to an English penny. One fathom, or six feet, of this strung money was worth five shillings. This wampum was brought from Manhadoes (New York) during a voyage thither in 1628, and the use of it among the Indians in that section, strengthens the philosophical argument that a circulating medium, aside from the fruits of the field and

of the chase, tends to enrich and strengthen a people. Governor Bradford, of Plymouth, in describing the wampum, said, "That which in time turns most to our advantage is, their now acquainting and entering us into the trade of wampum. By which and provisions, we quite cut off the trade both from the fishermen and straggling planters. And strange it is, to see the great alteration it in a few years makes among the savages. For the Massachusetts and others, in these parts, had scarce any, it being only made and kept among the Pequots and Narragansetts, who grew rich and potent by it; whereas the rest who use it not are poor and beggarly."

Another kind of currency was taken from the earth and ocean, live stock, salt fish and corn, which latter term included several species of grain, and even peas, was lawfully received at the colonial treasury for public taxes, and was generally designated as country pay.

A peck of corn, a bushel of malt, a hogshead of meal, a bushel of oatmeal or a half a hundred of salt fish, are familiar to students of this period as mentioned as compensation received for labor.

The story of the alienation of an important branch of a splendid monarchy, its revolution, and the birth of a new nation, is interesting to all. The thirteen colonies were planted between the years 1607 and 1732, with three distinct forms of government, the Charter, Proprietary, and Royal. In New England, the charter government was adopted, under which form the people made their own laws, and were their own rulers. In the

Proprietary government, the population ruled with the advice and assent and approbation of the magistrates, while the Royal government was composed of a governor and council appointed by the Crown, and a legislature chosen by the people. Under these forms of government our fathers came out and settled this country.

The events that led up to the establishing of the Massachusetts Bay Company and the early exploration and subsequent settlement of the several colonies on this coast are well known to the reader. It may be well, however, to briefly state the facts that brought Winthrop and his company to found Boston, which was destined to be the largest boot, shoe and leather clearance market in the United States, if not in the world.

On March 4th, 1628-9, (old style) Charles I. of England granted letters patent to Sir Henry Rosewell and others as a body corporate "by the name of the Governor and Company of the Massachusetts Bay, in New England." The original of this is preserved in the state archives, and has upon it the certificate, signed by Charles Cæsar, that Matthew Cradock qualified under the charter on March 18, 1628-9; a duplicate of the same is preserved at Salem, where the "Bay Colony" was begun in 1628 under John Endicott.

In the next year (1630) the able ship *Arbella* and other vessels bearing the company of Puritans, anchored in the outer harbor of Salem. John Winthrop was leader of this company of self-exiled colonists, who proved such a factor in the progress of commerce. They were welcomed by John Endicott and his associates,

who assisted them in finding a suitable spot in which to locate. Charlestown was first visited and Mr. Thomas Walford and a few others who had already settled there urged the company to make their home with them, and so well pleased were the prospectors, despite the fact that they had visited other localities, that they reported favorably for "Mishawam" (great spring), as the natives called the place.

The *Arbella* and her escorts soon sailed into the present Boston Harbor and the passengers and their effects were put ashore. The scene was at once transformed from one of quiet solitude to brisk activity, as each and all were soon at work building their new homes. But fate willed that this spot was not to be the Puritan stronghold. It was soon learned that the water supply was scanty and poor, so that when invited by William Blaxton (or Blackstone), a retired Episcopal clergyman and the first white settler of Boston, to move to Shawmut (translated by some authorities "Living Fountains" and by others "Near the Neck") they accepted his offer, Mr. Isaac Johnson, one of the wealthiest and most valued of their number, having died at their first dwelling place.

The exact date of removal from Charlestown to Boston is a matter of doubt. Mr. Johnson died at Charlestown September 30, 1630, and two days previous a court of assistants was held at the same place, but on the 19th of the following October the first General Court of the colony was held at Boston. The Massachusetts Colony Records, under date of August 23 of the same year, give the

following: "It was ordered that there should be a court of assistants held at the Gov'n<sup>r</sup> house on the 7th day of September next, being Tuesday, to begin att 8 of the clocke." At this meeting the metropolis of the Bay State was given its name in the following mandate: "It is ordered, that Trimountain shall be called Boston; Mattapan, Dorchester; the town upon Charles River, Watertown." It should be remembered that the date above quoted should according to the method of computation of time at the present day be the 17th, but it is quite possible that the Puritans did not settle the peninsula until the beginning of October.

"Small and poor as the Pilgrim colony and republic was," says W. E. Griffis, D. D., "and much greater and richer as became the later Puritan immigration and Bay colony, the spirit of the former is the more typically American. The people of the United States may be outlining Puritan ideals, but they love more and more the Pilgrim spirit and practice. Our national tradition and procedure are Pilgrim rather than Puritan, in favor of toleration and the separation of church and state, less rigor of form with a sweeter and purer Christianity. The Pilgrims were reinforced Englishmen, tempered and mellowed in a tolerant republic. They were men of three lands. Both colonies in Massachusetts were as mustard seed and leaven. But while the Puritan, or Bay, colonists represent phenomenal growth and extensiveness, the Pilgrims stand for the leavening, or extensive, principle in the making of America."

The Puritans, or seceders, had come

here for freedom of thought and acts, but their subsequent conduct compels one to the conclusion that their hopes for worldly as well as spiritual gain were in no ways confined. But of this later. Here they found an unbroken wilderness, ravenous beasts and, at times, a savage foe, although the unfriendly feeling between the natives and themselves was mostly due to the policy pursued by the whites.

Like men they labored, and like heroes they fought. They had strong hearts and strong arms. Neither the tomahawk of the savage, the withering gripe of famine, nor the blasting breath of pestilence could overcome them. In a few years the fields swelled with abundant crops—the reward of their industry.

A word as to the character of these men who, intellectually and morally, were wiser and better than the founders of many of the other states. They who would submit to every personal privation for the sake of freedom of conscience and for this great end voluntarily separate themselves by an ocean rolling between, from all those to whom their conduct would give offense, could not be justly termed fanatics. Nor can such persons be called bigots who, having encountered and endured all things to secure a liberty without controversy, essential to their own welfare, would not permit it to be wrested away by self-willed intruders of whatever sect or degree, to whom the world of the wilderness was as open elsewhere as it had been to themselves. The liberty of conscience which they sought was one of extreme selfishness. They had certain defined ideas of Chris-

tianity, as well as of trade and government, which had to be obeyed. No one, however high his station in life, was welcome who would not accept and live up to their rules.

Socially they were from the sturdy middle class, between the high and low—husbandmen or rural proprietors, without whose manly characteristics and substantial nerve and muscle there could have been no historic names, nor any of that history which dignifies a nation. Their soldiers were as good as their divines and laymen of various pursuits and occupations. Their motto, "By the sword she seeks calm repose under liberty," —from the Latin of that flower of English chivalry, Sir Philip Sydney, who fell in the Dutch war of independence at Zutphen—is inscribed at one of the passes of the Alps and clearly expresses their sentiment in all things, and shows that they understood the uses and necessities of war; and indeed the whole colonial existence was little else than one long warfare for more than a century. Among the first imports to the colony from the West Indies, about 1640, was cotton for the wadding of corselets, to render harmless Indian arrows.

They had but little business training in comparison to the experience in political and religious matters, but there were in some bodies, especially in the Dorchester settlement, merchants and traders trained in Dorset, Devon, or elsewhere, who helped to give form and direction to the new economical undertakings which assured the future of the country. In fact, the settlers were men of different classes and occupations in life,

and naturally turned their attention to those pursuits to which they had been accustomed.

That clause in the charter which exempted them from all royal taxes, subsidies and customs for seven years, and from all taxes for twenty-one years except "onlie the five pounds per centum" on importations into English dominions, was one of the most important in the document, as it virtually established freedom of trade, and that was the very foundation of their prosperity.

Their own unwise laws were anything but encouraging to business, as the government insisted in extending its powers into the regulation of every function of society, whether political, religious, or economical. They were determined in technically turning Jewish history and precedent into New England law and custom, which they believed would free them from the influence of the ungodly, and alike benefit the rich and poor.

In fitting out the vessel for the voyage to America we find that the article of leather is frequently and explicitly mentioned. Among the lists of goods for apparel for one hundred men the first mention is of "four hundred peare of shewes," also "100 suits of dublett and hose of leather, lyned with oild skyn leather, ye hose & dublett with hookes and eyes. 100 leather girdles, 100 black hatts lyned in the browe with leather. 16 dussen of calfs leather & 2 dussen tand sheepes leather & 2 dussen kyd;  $\frac{1}{2}$  a deker of leather of best bend leathers." On March 16 is entered an order for "100 leather sutes, dublets and breeches of oyled

leather, 100 p<sup>r</sup> of breeches of leather to serve to wear with both their other sutes, also oyled skins of leather."

On February 26, 1628, an entry is made as follows: "Agreed with Jno. Hewson to make 8 pere of welt neats leather shewes, closed on the out sydes w<sup>th</sup> a seame to be substantial good over leather of the best, and 2 soles; the inner sole of good neats leather & the outer sole of tallowed backs, to be, 2 p<sup>r</sup> of 10 inch, 2 p<sup>r</sup> of 11 inch, 2 p<sup>r</sup> of 12 inch & 2 p<sup>r</sup> of 13 inch size. The proportion we intend is

1 of 10 inches	}	27 <sup>d</sup>
3 " 11 "		
3 " 12 "		
1 " 13 "		
2 " 8 "		

2 " 9 "	}	24 <sup>d</sup>
2 " 9 "		

and we to refer it to y<sup>e</sup> comp<sup>a</sup> wheth<sup>r</sup> to allow 1<sup>d</sup> p pare more."

On the sixteenth of the following month, they mention this fact:

"Bespoken by Mr. Dunbridge at 2<sup>8</sup> 7<sup>d</sup> a p<sup>r</sup> 6 dusseen pare of shewes to be del (delivered) this week viz. 1 Dussen pare of 10, 2 dusseen of 11, 2 dusseen of 12s and one dusseen of 13. 4 p<sup>r</sup> delivered." Another entry of the same date is as follows: "Bespoke this day above said 8 dusseen par neates leather shewes of Robert Harrett.

1 Dus 10	}	at 2 <sup>8</sup> 7 <sup>d</sup> per pare to be
3 " 11		
3 " 12		
1 " 13		

good liq. cured

neates leather and to the pattern." The next year John Wise was paid £18 4s. for 12 dozen pairs of shoes

as follows: 8 dozen pairs at 2s. 7d. a pair.

1 Doz. of 13
3 " " 12
3 " " 11
1 " " 10

and 4 dozen pair of 8's and 9's at 2s. 5d. per pair. John Hughson (or Hewson) was also paid £22 4s. 8d. for shoes.

Accompanying this supply of foot wear were two shoemakers, who were competent to look after the repairing and the making of shoes, they being the first men of this craft to emigrate here expressly to carry on their trade.

In the same vessel was a lengthy letter of instructions from the Governor or the company to "Capt. John Endicott and the Council in New England," in which is noticed the following in reference to the fathers of the shoe industry of Massachusetts:—"Thomas Beard a shoemaker and Isaak Rickman being both recommended by Mr. Symon Whitecombe to receive their dyett and house room at the charge of the company, we have agreed that they shall be with you the governor or placed elsewhere as you shall think good, and receive from you or by your appointment their board for which they are to pay each of them after the rate of ten £ per annum. And we desire to receive a certificate under the hand of whomsoever they shall be so dyetted & lodged with, how long time they have remained with them in case they shall otherwise despose of themselves before the year be expired or at leastwise, at the end of each year, to the end we may here receive payment according to the agreement.

"The said Thomas Beard hath in the ship the Mayflower divers hydes both for soles and upper leather which he intends to make upp into boots and shoes there in the country. We pray you let Mr. Peirce, the master of the said ship view the said leather and estimate what tonnage the same may impost, that though the said Beard may either pay unto you thereafter the rate of 4 £ per ton for freight of the same, the like for his board if there be occasion to use any of his commodities or otherwise, upon your advice we may receive it of Mr. Whitecombe who hath promised to see the same discharged.

"We desire also that the said Thomas Beard may have 50 acres of land allotted to him, as one who transports himself at his own charge. But as well for him as all others that shall have land allotted to them in that kind, and are no adventurers in the common stock, which is to support the charge of fortification, as also for the ministry and divers other affairs, we hold it fit that these kind of men, as well as such as those who shall come to inherit land by their service, should by way of acknowledgement to such from whom they receive their lands become loyal to the performance of some service some certain days in the year, and by that service they and their posterity after them, to hold and inherit these lands, which will be a good means to enjoy their lands from being held in copite and to support the plantation in general and particular."

A fourth letter, dated April 17, 1629, from the governor to Capt. Endicott, mentions that "we have made our servants' apparel of cloth and

leather, which leather is not of oyle skins, for we found them over dear, yet if this prove not profitable upon your second advice we will send you oyle skins."

The neats leather was very popular with the colonists, and was extensively used. The "tallowed backs" are still made in Russia and Austria. They are known there as Hungarian leather, and are tanned and stuffed with tallow. It is probable that Mr. Rickman did not long remain in the colony, while Mr. Beard is said to have found more congenial associates in New Hampshire. A Thomas Beard is mentioned in the rate list of Boston, he being in Capt. Jno. Wally's Company in 1681, but whether or not he is the shoemaker I can not state. George and John Beard are also in the list, but probably are of another family.

Now that the shoemaker was in their midst it was quite necessary that the pioneers should have a tanner and a currier. The natives had a knowledge of the manufacture of leather, both for the purposes of clothing as well as for footwear, but this knowledge was confined to the preparation of the skins of wild beasts and birds, as they had no domestic animals. They displayed considerable skill in the dressing of elk, deer, buffalo and other skins. As an article of outside clothing they were prepared with the hair, wool or feathers on, and for undergarments the smaller skins were made into a kind of chamois leather by removing the hair and dressing them with the brains of the animal, rendering them very soft and pliable, which method had the advantage of being easily and

quickly finished, a duty which fell to the part of the squaw, as needlework does to the civilized housewife.

Thomas Morton, the writer of the rare and valuable book entitled "The New England Canaan," gives the following interesting description of the dress of the Indian and his squaws, also their method of making leather.

"The Indians in these parts do make their apparel of the skins of several sorts of beasts, and commonly of those that do frequent those parts where they do live; yet some of them for variety will have the skins of such beasts that frequent the parts of their neighbors, which they purchase of them by commerce and trade.

"These skins they convert into very good leather, making the same plume and soft. Some of these skins they dress with the hair on and some with the hair off, the hairy side in winter time they wear next their bodies, and in warm weather they wear the hair outside; they make, likewise, some coats of the feathers of turkeys, which they weave together with twine of their own making, very prettily; these garments they wear like mantles knit over their shoulders and put under their arms. They have likewise another sort of mantle made of moose skins, which beast is a great, large deer, so big as a horse, these skins they commonly dress bare and make them wondrous white and stripe them with size round about the borders, in form like lace set in by a taylor, and some they stripe with size in works of several fashions, very curious, according to the several fancies of the workmen, wherein they strive to excel one another.

"And mantles made of bear skins is an usual wearing among the natives that live where the bears do haunt. They make shoes of moose skins, which is the principal leather used for that purpose; and for want of such leather they make shoes of deer skins very handsomely and commodious; and of such deer skins as they dress above, they make stockings that come within their shoes—like a stirrup stocking, and is fastened about at their belt, which is about their middle. Every male after he attains unto the age which they call Pubes, weareth a belt about his middle, and a broad piece of leather that goeth between his legs and is tucked up both before and behind under that belt: These garments they always put on when they go a hunting, to keep their skins from the brush of shrubs, and when they have their apparel on they look like the Irish in their trousers, the stockings join so to their breeches.

"A good, well-grown deer skin is of great account with them, and it must have the tail on, else they account it defaced, the tail being three times as long as the tails of our English deer, yea, four times so long. This, when they travel, is wrapt round their body, and with a girdle of their making bound round about their middle, to which girdle is fastened a bag, in which his instruments be with which he can strike fire upon any occasion.

"Thus with their bow in their left hand and their quiver of arrows at their back hanging on their left shoulder with the lower end of it in their right hand, they will run away at a dog trot until they come to their journey end; and in this kind of ornaments, they do seem to me to be

handsomer than when they are in English apparel, their gesture being answerable to their own habit and not unto ours.

"Their women have shoes and stockings to wear likewise when they please, such as the men have, but the mantle they use to cover their nakedness and is much longer than that which the men use; for as the men have one deer skin, the women have two sewed together at the full length and is so large that it trailes after them like a great ladi's traine; and in time I think they may have their pages to bear them up; and where the men use but one bear skin for a mantle the women have two sewed together; and if any of their women would at any time shift one, they take that which they intend to make use of, and cast it over them, done before they shift away the other for modesty, being unwilling to be seen to discover their nakedness; and the one being so cast over they slip the other from under them in a decent manner which is to be noted in people uncivilized; therein they seem to have as much modesty as civilized people, and deserved to be applauded for it."

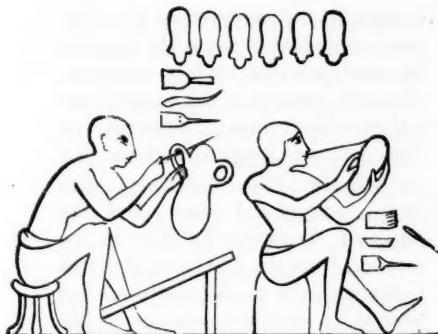
The moccasins and leggins, the only boot or shoe known to these children of the forest, were usually made from the moose skins. In the coloring and pictorial embellishment of these skins, the southern Indians, in early times, appear to have excelled any of a later period. The skins are well curried, and they gave them what color they chose, giving them the appearance of fine cloth.

One of the diverging lines separating the civilized from the uncivilized

people, is the possession of domestic cattle, as the extent and degree of perfection in the manufacture of leather is regarded as an excellent criterion by which to measure the degree of civilization among nations.

Nothing approaching a tannery or currying shop was established on these shores until the appearance of the brothers Ingalls, Edmund and Francis, in 1829. The Indian chief, wrapped in his robe furnished by a buffalo, no doubt gloried in the fanciful design of beads or stain on his moccasins, but the making of foot covering was with him, except in a primitive state, a lost art. Ages ago the Egyptians had these trades, and even rejoiced in united labor with the elegant and autocratic walking delegates and other necessary directors of voluntary idleness. His "kit" of tools were similar to those in use among the craft up to a little more than half a century ago. As proof of this fact, study the illustration, which is a copy from a painting on the walls of a tomb in Thebes. Wilkinson gives the date as 1495 years before Christ, in the reign of Thothmes the Third. It was during his time that the exodus of the Israelites occurred.

The shoemakers are seated upon low stools. Both are employed in the formation of the sandals then generally worn in Egypt. One pierces with his awl the leather thong at the side of the sole, through which the straps were passed which secured the sandal to the foot. Before him is a low, sloping bench, one end resting on the ground. On this he cuts his straps. His fellow-workman is sewing a shoe and tightening the



thong with his teeth—a primitive method of working, indicating that the material through which the thread was passed was rather soft. A row of sandals are hung up, probably for sale. The Egyptian illustrated everything from real life. Stools like those in the picture are still preserved in the British Museum. The tools, the awls, different shaped knives and trimmers, are there in a row before each workman who, as they use them, may perchance have looked out from their stall at Joseph as he rode in state, when armed men cried before him "Bow the knee." Moses may have worn shoes fashioned by their hands when he stood before Pharaoh and said, "Let my people go,"—not taking a kneeling attitude as was customary, as the great Lawgiver never knelt to mortal man.

The painting shows the high antiquity of the shoemaker's art. The actors lived in a land that was then the centre of civilization. Some of the arts common in those days are a closed book to men of our age. They lived and died before written history began. Cambyses with his army thundered over their heads. Alexander followed, tearing down and building

up cities. Cleopatra sailed past their resting place in her galley "propelled by silken sail and silver oars."

"Antiquity all seems to have begun  
Long after their primeval race was run."

But the aboriginal American contented himself with the rough hide with the hair on, and a crude needle made from a bone formed and fashioned a moccasin for his dusky foot. In this covering the wearer had both stocking and boot, it being soft enough to conform to the curves of his foot, and tough enough to resist the abrasion of twig and stone, although they had a tougher leather which they preserved and hardened by smoking, but of the virtue of certain astringent barks and vegetable substances to condense the membranes and correct their septic tendency, the savages were entirely ignorant, although tanning had flourished ages ago in probably as high a degree of perfection as at the present day.

To illustrate, let us take for an example the tannery unearthed at Pompeii. This was an extensive establishment enclosed in a space of 120x80 feet by walls 8 to 12 feet high and 18 inches thick, of stone and brick. The entrance, or gateway, was 10 feet wide; to the right of the entrance was a room about 12x16, probably the salesroom. To the left a small audience chamber, or office; adjoining this, the sleeping room of the master. Further on to the left, adjoining the street, were the living apartments—four rooms—in one of which, the triclinium, are three couches of masonry, with a stone table in the midst, on which was found the mosaic now in the museum at Naples, represent-

ing a human skull and under it a butterfly with open wings supported on a wheel, over it a plummet, and at the side a sheep hook and a lange turned upside down. The tannery proper is in the rear of the rooms described above and divided by a wall. One portion containing the vats is four feet higher, so as to drain some of the smaller vats through a conduit into three large vases of terra cotta in the lower building. Beside the vases, or jars, is a stone table on which skins and hides were scraped or worked, also the remains of a furnace for heating water.

In the upper shop were 15 round vats 6 feet in diameter, 8 feet deep, made of stone and cement. Between each section of these vats, level with the top, is a circular terra cotta vessel, holding about 20 gallons each, in which probably the tanning material was dissolved and the liquors made or strengthened and then dipped into the large vats, when the hides were put in the same or were changed.

The shoes made in those days differed but little from those in vogue in our day. The high and low quarter shoes found in Pompeii is of a sewed shoe, the awl, needles and other tools with which they were made being also preserved. The early shoemakers were too wise to deform the shoes with affixing heels to them. Verily, the manufacturer and consumer of the day have much to learn from the past.

But let us return to our own country and study the commercial kindergarten of a new nation. Truly it was the birth of a new country, and everything in their government was in an incipient stage. Bringing with them

education and experience, yet they were compelled by necessity to adopt the most primitive mode of existence. The first settlers of the colony were toilers on land rather than on sea, and their toil was confined to land that proved the least obstructed with rocks, stumps and trees. But the mines of Massachusetts were in the sea, and from the first history of the Commonwealth to this day there has been more wealth drawn out of the water than from the land. For food, oil and fertilizers, the cod, whale and finny spoil of all sorts have been caught by billions. The Indians within her borders who first taught the settlers how to tread out a mess of eels, and to cook succotash, were of Algonquin stock; but before the Revolution the Iroquois had named the Governor of Massachusetts "Kinshon," "The Fish." Shortly after this a golden cod was hung up in the State House, in the hall of the House of Representatives, as the true symbol of the wealth of the Bay State.

As to what place credit should be given for erecting the first tannery in Massachusetts it is quite impossible to say, but it is generally agreed by those who have studied the matter that Lynn has more authentic claims than any other.

The inhabitants of that section, known as Saugust, which the General Court on November 15, 1637, declared should be called "Lin," were a thrifty people and were greatly interested in raising live stock, especially horned cattle, sheep and goats, which for years roamed as a common herd under the care of an overseer or hayward over that territory within the bounds of "Charlestown, Lin, Read-

ing Pond, Ipswich River and Salem." Nahant was included in this tract, and was the common sheep walk where the large flocks were attended by a public shepherd. The raising of these large stocks of animals soon made an accumulation of hides, and it was in this particular that the knowledge of tanning possessed by Francis Ingalls came in good use.

There is no reason to suppose that Francis who, with his brother Edmund, came from Lincolnshire, in England, in 1629, intended to start a tannery any more than Edmund desired to establish a brewery, a trade he followed in England. But it was not long before both were engaged in their respective pursuits. Edmund, as a farmer, settled in what is now the eastern part of the city, near a small pond in Fayette Street. The site of his house is still pointed out by his descendants. Later he erected a malt house near the margin of the pond. When the town lands were divided in 1638, there were appointed to him and his brother Francis 120 acres of upland and meadow. At his death in 1648 his estate was valued at £135 8s. 10d., excluding house and lands, £50. His wife Ann and nine sons, six of whom were born in England, survived him. Robert inherited the house and lot, and his descendants are still residing in Lynn. Francis was born in 1601, and was, therefore, a young man when he settled in the new world. He took up his abode at a point known as part of Swampscott, and some time later built a tannery on the banks of Humfreys' brook at about a point where that stream was crossed by a stone bridge, now Burrill Street.

On this spot, then, near the virgin Hemlock forest, and on the grassy plain, in front of which wound the silver waters of the pond, was located the first tannery in Massachusetts, which, as a matter of course, gave an impetus to the shoe business, as the numerous shoemakers brought over at each voyage of those English packets and scattered over the country, created a demand for leather far in excess of the supply, so that large quantities had to be brought over from England.

It was not long, however, before Ingalls had rivals in the business, and so rapidly did they increase in number, that a constant watchfulness was taken by those interested in order to prevent unscrupulous people from increasing their private estate at the expense of the community, while laws regulating the trade were frequently passed by the General Court.

From the first settlement of the colony, carpenters, masons and blacksmiths were sufficiently numerous for the requirements of the settlement, but most articles were imported. Shoemakers, or cordwainers as they were termed, were well represented, as were tanners, glovers, and other workers in leather, although the wealthier people sent to England for almost every article of apparel.

Among the passengers who set sail from Yarmouth, England, with Winthrop and his company, was Mr. Richard Garrett, a shoemaker, his wife and daughter Hannah.

After the Puritans had settled in Boston, they had barely time to erect even the crudest form of shelter when the bleak New England winter was

upon them. The necessities of life, meagre from the first, were fast becoming scarce, which fact compelled the strictest economy in order to make their provisions last as long as possible. In fact, so low did their stock become that the heads of families were compelled to make long journeys into and through the forest to procure corn and food from the Indians and from the residents of the other colonies.

Whether or not it was the desire of Mr. Garrett and a few of his friends to increase their supply of food before the winter, with all its severity, had settled, no record is made. All we know in this particular is the fact that a party, consisting of himself, daughter, Mr. Henry Harwood, and three others, started on December 22, 1630, in a small open boat called a shallop, on a voyage to Plymouth.

They had gone but a short time when a fierce northwest wind drove them from their course. When opposite Gurnet's Nose the gale had increased with such fury that they lost complete control of the boat and were driven out to sea, but to prevent being taken too far they let drag a killick — a device consisting of a large stone attached to a line, but the stone soon became unfastened and they were left at the mercy of the elements.

Every moment added to the fury of the storm and the frightful wind lashed the waves until they broke over the little craft, partly filling it with water, which kept the miserable crew constantly at work bailing it out, a labor they performed with an energy born of despair; but becoming benumbed by the cold, they one after the other gave up the struggle and awaited death. Suddenly they were

startled from their stupor by the cry of land, uttered by one of the more vigorous of their number who had discovered the dim outline in the distance.

Encouraged by the sight the poor wretches were given new life. They managed to partly spread a sail, and were soon driven past the dangerous rocks and shoals on Cape Cod.

God help any one who is cast upon this desolate shore in winter! Not the slightest shelter, not even a tree or shrub to protect them from the bleak and deadly winds, or to furnish them with the means to build a fire. Nothing but sand! sand! sand!

After their boat had grounded upon the beach, only two of the men and the girl were able to land. The others were frozen in their seats by the ice which formed in their vessel. Then came the task of freeing the prisoners from their icy fastenings, an undertaking made doubly difficult by the absence of an axe or any other sharp implement with which to work. At last the labor was ended, but not so their sufferings, as the night had to be passed without shelter and but a small fire of driftwood, while the terrible dread of an attack from wolves added to their terror.

How chill the night air fell upon them! Even the stars, which in the early hours of the night twinkled brightly, vanished, as though tired of their ceaseless vigil, wrapped their forms in cloud-woven sheets and sunk to peaceful slumber. How these poor sufferers longed for the coming of the gray dawn of morning, when two of their party were to start for Plymouth, which they supposed was but a few miles away.

The night passed wearily away and

daylight broke, at the first appearance of which the two brave men—the only ones able to walk—turned their faces to that wilderness over which they had to cross for help. Well they knew that it was upon the success of their journey that the lives of all depended—a voyage freighted with many dangers, even under circumstances far more advantageous than those under which they labored. To remain was certain death, therefore, assistance must be had immediately, and it depended upon these two hungry and almost frozen men to obtain it. Ah! the pages of history record not the deeds of its noblest heroes! It is to the memory of its destroyers whose hands have reeked with its heart's warm blood, that humanity builds its grandest towns. Ask it to name the reward it offers the benefactors of our race and it will scornfully answer "Death and persecution."

After most affectionate embraces and the last heart-rending farewells were said, these two heroes started on their errand of mercy. The entire country being strange to them, and no beaten path leading the way to their destination, they soon were lost. Fortunately two squaws who were gathering fuel saw them and at once hastened to their wigwam and reported the discovery to their husbands.

Those Indians knew that it meant death to wander aimlessly in that region at that time of the year, therefore hastened to their rescue. Completely exhausted the adventurers were brought to the friendly wigwam, where food and shelter were provided.

The next day one of the savages

set out to guide the two Englishmen to Plymouth, the other sought out the spot of the unhappy company, seven miles away. But rescue came too late for the shoemaker. Despite the tender nursing of a loving daughter, aided by the Indian, Mr. Garrett died before the passing of the day. It was then that the child of the forest, this savage, as his white brother is pleased to call him, this member of the Nauset tribe which was so outraged by the civilized Captain Hunt in 1614, showed his real worth, a quality characteristic of the Indian before civilization, which like a serpent gathered the red man within its subtle coils and began to crush him from existence, and injected from its fangs the many poisons concealed within the polished whiteness of Christianity and charity.

Making the sufferers as comfortable as his poor means would allow, he started across that frozen waste of sand for a hatchet, to enable him to dig a grave, in which the remains of the poor shoemaker could be laid in Christian burial.

Can we imagine the impressiveness of such a funeral! Think of the agony of that young daughter as she watched the Indian chop the frozen earth; how the sound of each blow of the hatchet must have rung through her heart; the task finished, what anguish was there when the last look was taken of the kindly face of father and friend, before the body was placed in the shallow grave!

Thus was interred the father of the shoemaker's craft in Boston. No concourse of relatives and friends to bank the bier with beautiful emblems of love, no sound of trained voices to

thrill the soul with sweetly solemn hymn, no plumed funeral car and winding procession to the grave, and no white-robed servant of God to read a message of hope. Nothing of this, but in its place we in imagination can see the Indian standing near, awed by the solemnness of the scene and hear the solemn burial service, interrupted by the sobs of the fatherless and listeners, as it is repeated from memory, and the favorite hymn sung with the earnestness of reverence.

After the earth had covered the remains the red man brought from a distance a quantity of wood, which he piled over the grave to prevent the wolves from exhuming the body. The living were made as comfortable as a sheltering wigwam and glowing fire could make them, their dusky friend remaining until help arrived from Plymouth.

But how fared it with the messengers on the way for help? The journey of more than twenty miles through forest and swamps to Plymouth was terrible, so bad, indeed, that they had proceeded but a short distance when one of the white men died and was interred in a hastily dug grave.

More dead than alive did his companion follow the guide, their progress being necessarily slow owing to the sufferings and infirmities of the poor shipwrecked Puritan. At last the pretty colony of the Pilgrims burst upon their view, and they were tenderly cared for by the inhabitants, but the hardship and exposure was too severe for the Englishman, and his spirit joined those of his companions.

Governor Bradford dispatched three men with provisions and clothing to

the sufferers at Cape Cod; when they arrived they found that another of the number was so sick that he died on the way home, and Mr. Harding was almost frozen, he being the only male survivor of that terrible voyage. Hannah Garrett did not long survive her father; she passed away about two years later.

How diligently has the writer searched for Mr. Garrett's grave on that lonely shore of Cape Cod, but all efforts to trace his last resting-place have been unsuccessful. The monument of wood erected by the poor savage has been obliterated; but when passing through the shoe and leather district of Boston, and considering the immensity of that business, I see a monument that it has taken the combined work of thousands of men during more than two centuries to erect—one which is the pride of the country and the admiration of the world.

Governor Dudley, in his writings, speaks highly of Garrett, and greatly laments his death. He says that "he (Garrett) more feared that he should dishonor God than he cared for his own life." He, as well as Harwood, were always addressed as "Mr.," which title was the highest borne by the freedmen of the colony, ranking higher than "Esquire," while the more humble were designated as "goodman" or "good wife."

One feature of this incident not easily accounted for, is an entry in the colonial Record, which says "our court of assistants of 16 August following, ordered that the executors of Richard Garrett shall pay unto Henry Harwood the sum of 20 nobles, according to the proportion that the

goods of the said Garrett shall amount to." This has no appearance of a settlement of a debt, but may have been a sum deducted from the estate of the deceased shoemaker for the danger and suffering into which the living man had been led by him; but if so, it may be considered an imitation of oriental jurisprudence. Possibly Garrett may have been employed as captain of the vessel, or may have contracted to take the party to Plymouth and return.

Whether or not Mr. Garrett had an opportunity to ply his trade of shoemaking in the New World, I am unable to say, but it is hardly probable, as his demise occurred so soon after his landing on the shore. Then again, the emigrants were well supplied with foot coverings before starting upon their voyage, so that it would not be necessary for the mechanics to turn their attention to anything during the first year except erecting dwellings and planting.

After the first company settled at Salem, and after the landing of Winthrop, the number of inhabitants exceeded 2,000. The greater part of these arrived with Winthrop, and they settled in various places, including Charlestown, Dorchester and Roxbury. So large was the annual increase that including the few removed to Hartford and New Haven, the population of Massachusetts, in 1641, amounted to 21,000. This would justify and naturally excite a commercial spirit, and the inhabitants were too active and enterprising to leave the trade of the colony in the hands of the British merchants. In the first eleven or twelve years, dating back from its earliest settlement, two

hundred ships had arrived at Boston and Salem with large quantities of goods and provisions of various kinds, and bringing large numbers of emigrants to encourage and strengthen the earlier adventurers. These we soon find competing with the English merchants for the trade of the colony. Vessels were early purchased for this purpose, and employed in voyages to the West Indies and to Great Britain. Several were built for the coasting trade to Virginia, from which port they returned with cargoes of corn, and one ship of three hundred tons was built for more distant voyages.

As the population increased commerce and navigation became extended. Twenty or thirty years after the settlement of Boston the English and French had engrossed the fisheries on the coast of Massachusetts, and large quantities, together with furs, were exported to the West Indies and to Europe and disposed of at handsome profits. Sarsaparilla was also shipped to England and found a ready market. But with all their exertions the balance of trade could not be otherwise than in favor of the mother country, and the colonial merchants, from want of adequate capital, being obliged to purchase on credit, and at high prices, realized far less profit on their adventures than their British competitors.

The manners of the inhabitants at that time were simple, and their means small. They had not the taste or the ability for the luxurious indulgences of modern times, and the demand for many foreign articles now considered indispensable was necessarily very limited. Wine was used sparingly, silks were worn by few, and mere ornamental articles, always

the most expensive, were very nearly, if not wholly, proscribed.

"The share which, through their delegated voice in the General Court, the towns had to the general legislature was not the chief of the functions that belong to them," writes Palfrey in his "History of New England." "The municipal jurisdiction presents a peculiarity of the social system of New England, than which none more attracts at this day the attention of intelligent strangers, or has had more influence on the condition and the character of the people through the eight generations of their history. The territory of these states, with the exception of that small portion at the north which remains unoccupied, is laid off into districts of moderate extent; and the inhabitants of each form a little body politic with an administration of its own, conducted by officials of its own choice, according to its own will, within certain limits imposed by the highest common authority. With something of the same propriety with which the nation may be said to be a confederacy of republics called states, each New England state may be described as a confederacy of minor republics called towns.

"The system is the extreme opposite of a political centralization. To the utmost extent consistent with the common action and the common welfare of the aggregate of towns that make the state, the towns severally are empowered to take care of those interests of theirs which they respectively can understand, and can most efficiently and most economically provide for; and these are identical with the interests which most directly concern the public security, comfort and

morals. Thus it belongs to them, and they are compelled by general law of the states within which they are severally included, to protect the public health and order by means of a police; to maintain safe and convenient communication about and through their precincts by roads and bridges; to furnish food, clothing and shelter to the poor; to provide for the education of all their children at their common charge.

"By force of this institution every man in New England belongs to a small community of neighbors, known to the law as a corporation, with rights and liabilities as such, capable of suing and subject to be sued in the courts of justice, in dispute with any parties, individual or corporation. Once a year the corporation chooses the administrators of its affairs, and determines the amount of money with which it will entrust them, and how this shall be raised. If the state levies a general tax, it is the town treasurers that must pay it; and the state fixes the proportion due from each town, leaving it to the town to distribute the burden of its share in the assessment among its own people. As to matters of their own interest, the towns present their petitions, and as to matters of general concern, they send their advice, to the central authorities. By their magistrates, they exercise a reasonable supervision of the elections of officers of the town, the county, the state and the nation."

The experience of later times dictated improvements of detail in the municipal system of New England; but its outline was complete when it was first devised.

The institutions of towns, with

their government of selectmen, had its origin in Massachusetts and was borrowed thence by the other governments, when the public business had assumed a methodical course, the establishment of towns took place in this manner. The General Court, in the exercise of its right of ownership and jurisdiction over the territory within its boundaries, granted a tract of land to a company of persons understood to be capable of supporting a minister, and authorized them to establish a plantation and a church. The land, when its bounds had been set out by a committee of the court, was held at first by the company as proprietors in common to transact the joint business, to build the meeting-house, choose and support the minister, admit new associates, distribute the lands among individuals, make the roads, preserve order, attend to weights and measures, and regulate a variety of miscellaneous affairs the organizations of a local authority immediately needed.

“With the growth of numbers and of interest, the town meetings, town by-laws, town officers and elections would assume more importance, and come to be regulated with more system, but still with irregularities and differences in different places, which at length would require to be reduced to some uniformity; and as step by step the relations of the towns to their own people, to one another, and to the whole community, were developed, they led to new provisions of the central government, defining the municipal powers and obligations.”

Almost from the beginning each town had the following civil officers, chosen by its own freemen, namely:

A board of selectmen, varying in number from three to nine; a clerk; a treasurer; a sealer of weights and measures; one or more surveyors of highways; a constable and one or more tithing men. Meanwhile, the persons exercising ecclesiastical functions were officers of the same community, elected by the same constituents; for not only was there a church wherever there was a town, but the church was the nucleus about which the neighborhood constituting a town was gathered. It was not until after several generations that the towns released themselves from the ecclesiastical element that belonged to their original constitution; and down to the present century, in most of the towns of Massachusetts, the proceedings and records of the municipality and of the religious congregation continued to be the same.

The General Court was ever watchful of the taste in wearing apparel of colonists. No matter how important the question before the members, there was always time to impose pains and penalties on those who encouraged a waste of leather by wearing long boots. The fashion of wearing veils, just introduced, was roundly denounced from the pulpit, but the vanity of the wives and daughters of the ministers and deacons prevailed against the councils of husband and clergyman; and if their consciences did not tremble at these arguments, why should the wives of laymen be less vain! To such an extent did the fashion become that the magistrate had to take the matter in hand and impose a fine on all who indulged in the luxury, but preaching, arguments, fines and punishments have little ef-

fect on the female when a question of dress is in the question. She always has and ever will use her own sweet will in what she wears and how she wears it.

Some good men finding that laws and sermons were rather ineffectual, used the severer lash of ridicule. One of the most amusing articles in relation to the follies of dress is from the pen of Rev. Nathaniel Ward, the eccentric but able pastor of the Ipswich church, who had formerly been a student and practitioner of law in England, and who later prepared the first code of laws adopted by the Puritans, called "The Body of Liberties." He is the author of the unique and amusing book entitled "The Simple Cobler of Agawam," from which the following abstract is taken. Speaking of the fashions in vogue about 1640 he says:

"Shall I not keep my promise in speaking a little to women's fashion, they would take it unkindly. I was loath to pester better matter with such stuff. I rather thought it meet to let them stand by themselves, like the (Qua Genus) in the Grammar, being Deficients or Redundants, not be brought under any Rule. I shall therefore make bold for this once, to borrow a little of their loose tongue liberty, and misspend a word or two upon their long wasted, but short-skirted patience; a little use of my stirrup will do no harm.

RIDENTEM DICERE TERUM QUID PRO-  
HIBET.

Gray Gravity itself can well beteame  
That language be adapted to the theme,  
He that to parrots speak must parrotise;  
He that instructs a fool may act th' unwise.

"It is known more than enough that  
I am neither nigord nor cinick, to the

due bravery of true gentry; if any man mislikes a bully-mong-drassock more than I, let him take her for all me! I honor the woman that can honor herself with her attire; a good text always deserves a fair margent; I am not much offended if I see a trimme far trimmer than she that wears it; in a word, whatever Christianity or civility will allow, I can afford with London measure; but when I here a nugiperous gentledame inquire what dress the Queen is in this week, what the nudiustertion fashion of the court, I mean the very newest; with egge to be in it in all haste, whatever it be; I look at her as the very gizzard of a trifle, the product of a quarter of a cypher, the epitome of nothing, fitter to be kickt, if she were of a kickable substance, than either honored or humoured.

"To speak moderately, I truly confess it is beyond the ken of my understanding to conceive how these women could have any true grace, or valuable virtue, that have so little wit as to disfigure themselves with such exotic garbs, as not only dismantles their native lovely lustre, but transclouts them into gan-bar-geese, ill-shapen shotten shell-fish, Egyptian hieroglyphics, or at the best into French flirts of the pastery, which a proper Englishwoman would scorn with her heels; it is no marvel they wear drailes on the hinder part of their heads, having nothing as it seems on the fore part but a few squirrels' brains to help them frisk from one ill-favored fashion to another.

These whim-crown'd shes, these fashion-fancyng whits,  
Are empty, thin-brained shells, and fiddling  
kits,  
The very troublers and impoverishers of  
mankind.

"I can hardly forbear to commend to the world a saying of a lady living some time with the Queen of Bohemia. I know not when she formed it, but it is a pity it should be lost:

The world is full of care,  
Much like unto a bubble;  
Women and care, and care  
And women, and women  
And care and trouble.

The verses are even enough for such odd pegmas. I can make myself sick at any time, with comparing the dazzling splendor wherewith our gentlewomen were embellished in some former habits, with the gut-founded goosedom wherewith they were now surcingled and debauched. We have about five or six of these in our colony; if I see any of them accidentally, I cannot cleanse my fancy of them for a month after.

"I have been a solitary widower almost twelve years, proposed lately to make a step over to my native country for a yokefellow; but when I consider how they have tripe-wifed themselves with their cladments, I have no heart to the voyage, lest their nauseous shapes and the sea should work too sorely upon my poor stomach.

"I speak sadly; methinks it should break the heart of Englishmen to see so many Englishwomen imprisoned in French cages, peering out of their hood holes for some men of mercy to help them with a little wit, and nobody relieves them.

"It is a more common than convenient saying that 'nine Taylors make a man,' it were well if nineteen could make a woman to her mind. If Taylors were men, indeed, well furnished out with mere moral principle, they

would distain to be led about like apes, by such mimick marmosets.

"It is a most unworthy thing, for men that have bones in them, to spend their lives in making fiddle-cases for pitiless women's fancies; which are very pettitoes of infirmity, the gyblets of perquisilian toyes. I am that charitable to think that most of that mystery would work the cheerfuller while they live, if they might well be discharged of the trying flavor of mistrying women. It is no little labor to be continually putting up Englishwomen into outlandish casks; who, if they were not shifted anew, once in a few months, grow too sour for their husbands. What this trade will answer for themselves when God shall take measure of Taylors' consciences is beyond my skill to imagine."

After giving more advice to the ladies to adopt a dress reform society, and to the members of Parliament to regulate by law the manner in which women should be attired, he turns his attention to the men and their habit of wearing wigs and long hair. He continues;

"Knew I how to bring it in I would speak a word to long hair, whereof I will say no more than this: If God proves not such a barber to it as he threaten, unless it be amended, before the peace of the church and state be well settled, then let my prophecy be scorned, as a sound mind scorns the ryot of that sin, and more it needs not. If those who are termed rattle-heads and impuritans, would take up a resolution to begin in moderation of hair, to the just reproach of those that are called Puritans and Roundheads, I would honor their

manliness as much as the others Godliness, so long as I knew what man or honor meant. If neither can find a barbers shop let them turn it, if it be thought no wisdom in men to distinguish themselves in the field by the scissors, let it be thought no injustice in God not to distinguish them by the sword.

"I had rather God should know me by my vanity. He is ill-kept, that is kept by his own sin. A short promise is far safer than a long luck. It is an ill distinction which God is loath to look at, and his angels cannot know his saints by it. Though it be not the mark of the beast yet it may be the mark of a beast prepared to slaughter. I am sure men used not to wear such mains."

Another writer of the same period, in speaking of a new-fangled shoe called pantoffles, says: "How could they be easy when the heel hangeth an inch or two over the slippers from the ground. In so much as I have known divers men's legs swell with the same. An handsome! How should they be, when, as with their flipping and flapping up and down in the dirt, they exaggerate a mountain of mire, and gather a heap of clay and baggage together, loading the wearer with an importable burden."

One of the most annoying, at the same time as it appears to us foolish, difficulties experienced by these pioneers was the everlasting tinkering with the labor question. The action of this class they wished to control by law, which frequently had the effect of forcing trade out of its natural course. Master carpenters, joiners, bricklayers, sawyers and other mechanics were to take not more than

16d a day "if they have meat and drink" while laborers were to get 12 pence and "not above 6<sup>d</sup> and meat and drink." Should the price be more or less a penalty of 10 shillings was exacted from both giver and receiver. This law was passed in 1630 and three years later the price had to be lowered. Master mechanics were then allowed to receive 2 shillings a day if they boarded themselves, but if "found" they were allowed but 14 pence, "under penalty of 5 shillings both to giver and receiver that there is more given and received." Ordinary laborers, or workmen, were paid such price as a constable and two inhabitants should decide. The best laborers were paid 18 pence without board, and 8 pence with, the wages of the inferior laborer was regulated by constable and referees. Shomakers and tailors who worked at their customer's house were allowed but 12 pence, and the inferior workmen but 8 pence, and for all work they did at their own home they were paid in proportion. Included in this law was a clause stating that all workmen shall work the whole day, allowing convenient time for food and rest.

To equalize this law so that the artisan would be able to make his legal stipend procure as much as possible, and to prevent the merchants from excessive charges on their goods, especially those imported from England, the General Court, November 8, 1633, enacted the following interesting law:

"Whereas, by order of the Court holden in October last, the wages of workmen were reduced to a certainty in regard to the great extortion used

by divers persons of little conscience and the great disorder which grew hereupon by vaine and idle waste of much precious time and expense of their immoderate gaines, in wine, strong waters and other superfluities; now least the honest and conscience workmen should be wronged or disengaged by excessive prizes of those commodities which are necessary for their life and comfort, we have thought it very just and equal, to set order also therein; we do therefore hereby order that after public notice hereof no persons shall sell to any of the inhabitants within this jurisdiction any provisions, clothing, tools or other commodities, above the rate of four pence or a shilling more than the same can or might be bought for ready money in England, on paine of forfeiting the value of the thing sold, except cheese, which in regard of the much hazard in bringing, and wine and oil, vinegar and strong waters which in regard of leaking, may be sold at such rates (provided the same be moderate) as the buyer and seller can agree. And for linen and other commodities which by their close storage and small hazard may be afforded at a cheap rate, we do advise all men to be a rule to themselves in keeping a good conscience, assuring them that if any man shall exceed the bounds of moderation, we shall punish him severely."

It may be unnecessary to say that this law had but little effect, as such prices as pleased the merchants were asked, and in many instances wages far in excess of those appointed by the court were paid for labor, and it was not always the poor laborer who was extortionate, but often the owner of

servants, who hired out his help to a neighbor. Finding it so difficult a matter to enforce the law, it was, within a few months, repealed. But to avoid any trouble arising from the liberty the repeal granted, a penalty of fine or imprisonment was imposed on all who took excessive charges or asked too much profit.

The greed for gold of those early tradesmen was not a bit less than the merchant of the present day, but the worst phase of this mercenariness was their hypocritical air and craven spirit when discovered. This character determined Edward Ward to write a book entitled "A Trip to New England," in which, aside from its many historical inaccuracies, is quite entertaining. His work has been derided by most historical writers of early Boston, but it is my opinion that in it are told many wholesome truths. Among other things he says:

"The buildings like the women, being neat and handsome. And their streets like the hearts of the male inhabitants, are paved with pebbles.

"Every stranger is unavoidably forced to take this notice, that in Boston there are more religious zealots than honest men, more Parsons than Churches and more Churches than Parishes; for the town, unlike the people, is subject to no division."

"The inhabitants seem very religious, showing many outward and visible signs of an inward and spiritual grace; but though they wear in their faces the innocence of Doves, you will find them in their dealings as subtle as serpents. Interest is their faith, money their God and large possessions the only Heaven they covet.

"The women here are not at all

inferior in beauty to the ladies of London, having rather the advantage of a better complexion; but as for the men, they are generally meagre, and have got the hypocritical knack, like our English Jews, of screwing their faces into such Puritanical postures that you would think they were always praying to themselves or running melancholy mad about some mystery in the Revelations; so that 'tis rare to see a handsome man in the country, for they have all one cast, but of what tribe I know not.

"The gravity and piety of their looks are of great service to these American Christians. It makes strangers that come amongst them give credit to their words. And it is a proverb with those who know them, 'Whosoever believes in a New England Saint shall be sure to be cheated; and he that knows how to deal with their traders, may deal with the devil and fear no craft.'

"Some years ago, when the factors at Boston were credited with large stocks by our English merchants, and being backward in their returns, and more in their books than they were willing to satisfy, contrived this stratagem to outwit their correspondents. As 'tis said, they set fire to their warehouses after the disposal of their goods, and burnt them down to the ground, pretending in their letters they were all undone, their cargoes and books all destroyed, and so at once balanced their accounts with England."

The last paragraph is an exaggeration, as all the large fires that swept over the town previous to his visit can be traced to other origin. At the General Court held in November,

1639, many complaints were made by the people against the large profits required by the merchants. As an example to others Captain Robert Keayne, a wealthy merchant and a pillar of the church, was singled out. He was charged for taking in some cases more than six pence to the shilling profit, and in other cases he received eight pence, and in others two for one. He was convicted and fined and after the court had censured him he was called to account by the church. He acknowledged his fault with tears and bewailed his covetous and corrupt heart. A defense offered by his friends, who no doubt spoke one word for Keayne and two for their own affairs, tried to argue that if a man lost in the sale of one commodity he might make it up in another, and if through ignorance he had given more for an article than it was worth in Europe he might sell it here for more than it was worth in England. Some of the members desired to have Capt. Keayne excommunicated, but Mr. Cotton, the pastor, did not consider the offence to be of such nature as is condemned in the Scriptures, and he was excused with a simple admonition, on the presumption that his error was rather in his judgment than in his heart, for he was otherwise a liberal man, and very generous in his contributions to the Church.

The Rev. John White, of Dorchester, bewailed the spiritual condition of the land in 1632. He showed that temporal affairs were pursued with more than sufficient energy, whereby great and fundamental errors were committed, "Profits being the chief aim and not the propagation of religion."

(To be continued.)

## PROMINENT MEN IN THE SHOE AND LEATHER TRADE.

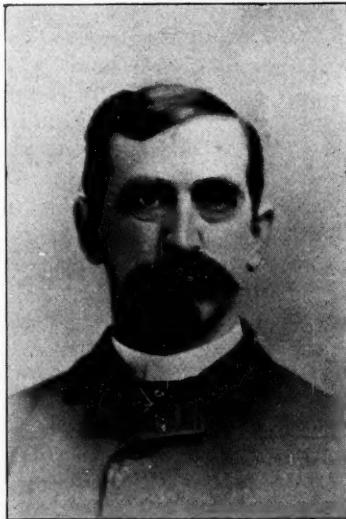
**AUGUSTUS WARREN CLAPP**, the subject of our sketch, was born at Weymouth, Mass., June 7, 1834. His father, Adoram Clapp, was a native of the same town, and was born March 26, 1807. The latter was a manufacturer of boots at Weymouth from 1830 to 1855, when he started

are : S. Jane Clapp unmarried, Maria L. wife of Solon W. Pratt, William H., and Richmond, all of whom reside in Weymouth on the same street where they were born ; two of them in the old homestead, and the others within a few rods of it.

Augustus received a good common school education, after graduating from which he entered the employ of his father. In 1853 he was engaged in the wholesale boot and shoe house of S. G. Damon & Co., Hanover Street, Boston, remaining with them about one year, when his father needing his services he went back to Weymouth, and took an active part in his father's business.

In 1855 a co-partnership was formed between father and son, who bought out the wholesale and jobbing boot and shoe business of Mowry & Lowell, 20 Central Street, Boston, and continued the business at that address, as well as at number 12 of the same street, until they moved to Federal Street, remaining there until 1872, when the senior member of the firm retired, and his sons William H. and Richmond were admitted to the firm.

The great fire of November 9, 1872, swept away their entire stock of goods amounting to more than \$100,000, and in consequence of failures of insurance companies caused them quite a large net loss. The firm re-established itself in a few days on



AUGUSTUS WARREN CLAPP.

a Boot and Shoe Manufacturing and Jobbing business, with office at Central Street, Boston. The mother of Augustus was Clarissa B. (Nash) Clapp, also a native of Weymouth. She was born January 30, 1808.

Augustus was one of eight children. His brothers and sisters now living

Lincoln Street opposite the old Boston & Albany R. R. station, remaining there until the rebuilding of the burnt district, when they occupied a store in B. G. Boardman's block on Congress Street; the Boston Rubber Shoe Co. occupying the other half of the building. There they stayed five years, and then moved to 104 Pearl Street, which store they occupied until January 1, 1891.

Mr. Clapp died December 8, 1890, and left a son who succeeded him in the business, soon afterwards, the firm was incorporated under the name of the A. W. Clapp Company, and is managed at present by William H. Clapp, President; Charles A. Clapp (son of Augustus), Treasurer; and Richmond Clapp, clerk, their business being carried on in the building number 275 Congress Street.

Mr. Clapp married Miss Eleanor F. Richards of Weymouth, and had two children, Charles A., and Emma L., the latter being unmarried.

The subject of our sketch was a gentleman of superior business qualification and was able to successfully cope with the most difficult industrial questions.

JOSEPH F. VELLA was born in East Bridgewater, Mass., on the 30th day of July, 1835. He received his education in the public schools of his native place, and after leaving school learned the business of manufacturing boots and shoes. In 1853 he started in business for himself in Lynn, and continued prosperously in the same line until 1871. During these years from his practical experience as a boot and shoe manufacturer, he became convinced of the need of

an elegant symmetrical solid wooden heel, which should be especially adapted for ladies' boots, and as a result of his convictions and some experiments during this time he began, in 1871, to manufacture such an article. These new heels admirably met the requirements of manufacturers of ladies' shoes, and Mr. Vella's new business venture became an instant success. Manufacturers at once saw their merit and placed large orders ahead, which taxed Mr. Vella's capacity to the utmost, but his energy and resources were equal to the test.

He soon organized the Star Heel



JOSEPH F. VELLA.

Manufacturing Company with largely extended capacity, centrally located and equipped with the latest improvements in machinery and appliances necessary for the business. The Company has grown extensively under his able management, and is now the leading house in its line of business, manufacturing French heels of the latest styles, covered with all kinds of kid, ooze, canvas, satin, silk, or velvet. Among the recent novelties manufactured by this Company

are stitched heels, and Louis XV., the latter a particularly artistic pattern.

A steadily increasing demand existing among the leading manufacturers all over the United States demonstrates the particular excellence of this heel for the purposes of the best class of American trade more clearly than any description can do. In good times the factory employs thirty or more hands.

Mr. Vella married in 1856, and has had five children, three of whom are now living. He is known to the trade and to his friends as a very quiet unostentatious man, deeply interested and thoroughly skilled in his business, to which he devotes his entire attention; in which by industry and application he has achieved a most emphatic success. His business reputation both in his own city and among the trade generally is of the highest, and his factory at 7 Munroe Street, Lynn, is a model one both in respect to its appliances, and to the comfort of the employees.

GEORGE HENRY HOOD, son of Jacob and Sophia (Needham) Hood, was born in Salem, Mass., May 30th, 1835. On his father's side he is a descendant of Richard Hood, the first of the family in America, who settled in Nahant in the year 1628. Jacob Hood was a well-known instructor, having taught in Bradford Academy and the public schools of Salem, and was for years principal of the East School. In 1865 he moved to Lynnfield, Mass., where he became the pastor of the Congregationalist Church and remained as such until 1880, when he retired. Five years later he died at

the advanced age of ninety-four years.

Sophia Needham, his wife, and mother of the subject of our sketch, was the daughter of Daniel Needham, an officer in the Revolution, and later in life the 'Squire of Lynn, he being one of the most popular men in the county. She died in 1886.

George was the youngest son of a family of six. He passed his boyhood



GEORGE HENRY HOOD.

in Salem, where he graduated from the High School in 1851. For three years after leaving school he was employed in a general store at Beverly, Mass. In 1854 he came to Boston and for five years was a salesman for the clothing house of Whiting, Kehew & Galloupe. In 1859 he entered the rubber business as salesman for the Rubber Clothing Company, with a factory at Beverly. Toward the close of the war he engaged in the rubber business for himself until 1873, when

with R. D. Evans as an associate, he became the general manager of the Eagle Rubber Company, with a factory at Jamaica Plain.

Soon outgrowing their little factory, under Mr. Hood's supervision was built, in 1877, a larger one, at Cambridge. A part of this building was destroyed by fire three years later, and on its site was erected the present factory of the American Rubber Company.

Mr. Hood severed his connection with the Eagle Rubber Company in 1878, and together with Eustace C. Fitz and Charles S. Dana founded the present Boston Rubber Company. The new company purchased an old mill in Chelsea, near the Ferry, which building was soon put in order for their business. In 1883 Mr. Hood bought out the interest of his partners, and later disposed of a portion of the business to E. S. Converse and George A. Alden. About this time he assumed charge, as general manager, of the Revere Rubber Company, retaining as well the principal ownership of the Boston Rubber Company, of which he has since been appointed president and treasurer. The factory of the Revere Rubber Company was soon after destroyed by fire, but three months later a new factory was erected and goods manufactured.

He resigned his position as general manager of the Revere Rubber Company at the death of his son, George Henry, Jr., and devoted his entire time to the development of the Boston Rubber Company. The latter firm purchased a rubber boot and shoe factory at Franklin, Mass., in 1888 and began the manufacture of rubber

foot-wear as well as clothing, and other mechanical rubber goods to which the Chelsea factory had always been devoted. Since the acquisition of the Franklin property the yearly production of the factories aggregates about \$1,500,000.

Mr. Hood married in 1859 Miss Frances Henrietta Janvrin. They have had six children, all of whom are living except George Henry, Jr. Two of his sons are associated with him in business; Frederic C. is the secretary and assistant treasurer of the Boston Rubber Company; Arthur N. is general superintendent of their two factories; Richard P. is a student in Harvard College. Miss Helen is well known as a musician and composer, and Miss Florence has a decided talent for the violin.

Mr. Hood was one of the organizers of the Rubber Mutual Insurance Company, and is still one of its directors. He is also a director of the Winnisimmett National Bank of Chelsea, and other similar enterprises.

He was a member of the Common Council in Chelsea in 1857, and has since 1860 been a member of the Cary Avenue Baptist Church in Chelsea.

JOHN GARDNER BUZZELL, of 143 Federal Street, Boston, was born in Barrington, N. H., in the year 1829. It was there he received his early education, but graduated in Sandwich of the same state.

At the age of twenty-one he went into business for himself in Manchester, N. H., making store fixtures. This he continued for three years. At twenty-four he went into business with

his father, and they were proprietors of an extensive planing mill making doors, sashes, blinds, etc., for almost the entire trade throughout the New England states. At twenty-eight, he was a manufacturer of pianos, melodeons, and other musical instruments.

In 1869 his natural inventive powers began to assume a tangible shape, and we find him located in the city of Lynn, extensively manufacturing shoe machinery under the firm name of J. G. Buzzell & Co. His associates in

Buffing Machine for Boots and Shoes, The Buzzell Polishing Machine, The Heel Scouring Machine, The Heel Breast Machines, and the Spring Heel Scourer and Finishing Machine. The origin of the moulded sandpaper is also traced to Mr. Buzzell. Over twenty patents have been issued to Mr. Buzzell, and he now has an application at Washington for three more.

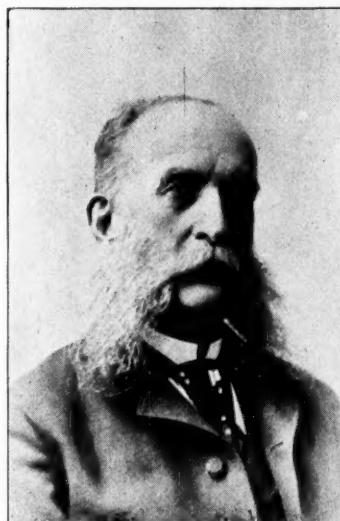
Among other valuable inventions may be mentioned a wire wheel, which, with its three patents, was sold to the Pope Manufacturing Co., and three patents to the Naumkeag Buffing Machine Association.

Mr. John Buzzell, father of the present subject of our sketch, was perhaps the most noted carpenter of Barrington, N. H. He had eleven children. All are now living save one son, who died two years since.

Mr. Buzzell has always attended strictly to his business, leaving politics and all other matters alone, though he used to be highly pleased to witness an old-fashioned scrub horse race.

It may be mentioned in conclusion that all the various articles for sale by this firm are the invention of Mr. Buzzell, and are humorously expressed in an illustration used by that gentleman, bearing the words, "Top of the Heap."

JONATHAN MUNYAN of Boston, president of the Goodyear Shoe Machinery Company, is a native of Connecticut, born in Thompson, Windham County, March 4, 1823. Son of Ezra and Sarah (Knap) Munyan. He is a descendant of Edward Munyan, who with his wife and fam-



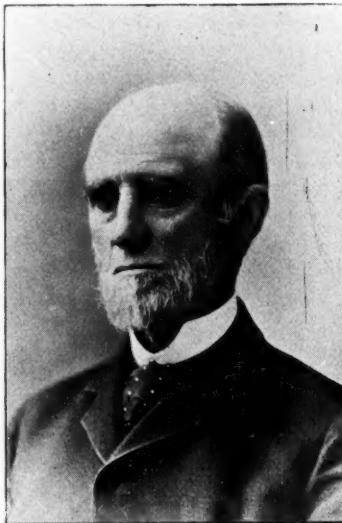
JOHN GARDNER BUZZELL.

business were the late George W. Emerson and Nathan C. Ellis. In the year 1880 Mr. Buzzell removed to Boston, and the firm name still remains the same, and at 143 Federal Street may be found this quiet, unassuming but useful inventor of various kinds of shoe machinery, among which may be enumerated: The Buzzell Standard Edge-Setting Machine,

ily of sons and daughters, emigrated from Leicestershire, England, to Salem, Mass., in 1721; and after remaining there a short time moved up across the country to Connecticut, where he took up a section of land located on the five mile river in the town now called Thompson, and spent his life as a farmer. Jonathan Munyan was reared on a farm, and educated in the common schools. At the age of twelve years he left home and was apprenticed to learn the shoemaker's trade. He worked at this trade as a journeyman until he was twenty-three years old, and then in 1847 began to manufacture boots and shoes in a small way on his own account at Worcester. In 1850 he gave up business and spent 1851 and 1852 in California. Returning to Worcester in 1853, he again began manufacturing boots and shoes there. In 1855 he moved his business to Milwaukee, Wis., and was engaged there in the manufacturing, jobbing, and retailing trade till 1862. He then again returned to Worcester, and engaged in the manufacture of shoes on joint account with C. D. & W. B. Bigelow of New York. In 1863 the firm built a large factory in Worcester into which his joint business went; and in 1866 the corporation known as the Bay State Shoe and Leather Company was formed from this business.

Mr. Munyan was one of the original stockholders, and from its organization till 1890 spent his time in a great measure in the management and interest of the Company, as its agent at the Worcester factory, and as a director and vice-president. He was also a stockholder and director

in the Commonwealth Boot and Shoe Company located at Whitman, from its organization till 1892. He began to use the Goodyear Sewing Machines at the Worcester factory in 1879. They were at that time far from perfected, but he became satisfied in his own mind that they could be so improved that boots and shoes in large quantities would be made by that process in the near future; and



JONATHAN MUNYAN.

the Bay State Company was the first to make a success of them. In 1882 he became a stockholder and a director in the Goodyear Company, then the Goodyear & McKay Sewing Machine Company, afterwards changed to the present name of the Goodyear Shoe Machinery Company; and in 1888 was chosen to the office of president which he still holds. During his connection with this Company it has made remarkable progress, its

machines having been brought to a high degree of perfection, and now stand at the head of the shoe machinery business in the country. In 1887 patents for the Goodyear machinery having been secured in England and on the Continent, the International Shoe Machinery Company was formed, with Mr. Munyan as president, to prosecute the business in those countries. Its introduction being placed in his hands, he first went to Europe on this mission that year, and has spent from two to four months of each year since looking after the business there. He found at the outset that the successful introduction of the machines abroad would require a great change in the foreign method of making boots and shoes, and that the strong prejudice against royalty machines must be overcome. These and other obstacles were in time surmounted and the machines put in operation to a large extent. By his connection with this matter he has become extensively and favorably known to the trade in England and on the continent of Europe.

Mr. Munyan is also connected with the Worcester Royal Corset Company at Worcester; with the Copeland Rapid Laster Manufacturing Company of Boston, of which he is president; and with the Langwood Park Land and Trust Company of Stoneham. He has been identified with the leather market of Boston since his return from California in the fifties. In politics he is a Democrat. He has held no political office, having no desire for public station, he being absorbed in his business.

He was married in the month of

November, 1847, at West Milbury, Mass., to Mary G. Griggs, daughter of Captain Joseph Griggs, who for many years carried on the tanning and currying business in that town. They had four children, one only now living, Jennie G. M. Lothrop. Each of the others, three boys, died in infancy.

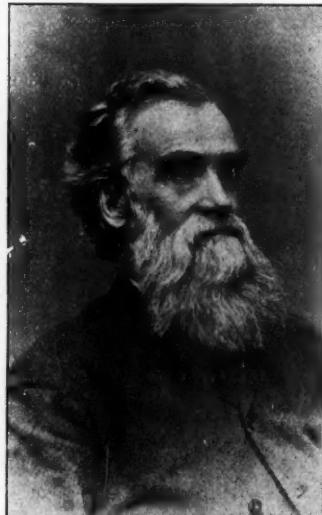
GEORGE HOSMER is a native of Hollis, New Hampshire, being born in that town in 1822. He was educated in the public schools, but at an early age began his business career in a general store. By strict economy he saved sufficient money to enable him to start in business, which he did in an humble way, but soon had two stores in operation, one at Concord, Mass., and another at Wayland, Mass., in which he carried on a very large and prosperous business. In 1863 he associated himself with Joseph R. Winch and started a shoe jobbing business at 68 Milk Street, Boston, where they were engaged for a number of years. They then moved to 47 Federal Street, and admitted to the firm John F. Winch, and the firm name was changed to Hosmer & Winch Bros.

Their store was destroyed in the fire of 1872, but they immediately secured quarters at 71 Sudbury Street, sharing a large floor with Sargent & Co., carriage dealers. This accommodation being inadequate to their wants, they occupied quarters in the building used by the National Lancers, from which they moved to the Mathews Building, 132-136 Federal Street.

The business continued without change until 1873-74, when Mr. Hos-

mer retired and in 1875 he, together with C. B. Coddng, J. R. Entwistle, S. D. Dyer, salesmen of the old firm, established the present house of Hosmer, Coddng & Co. They occupy all of the Revere Building, 133 and 137 Federal Street, in which they do a large jobbing business in Boots, Shoes, Rubbers and Findings, having a trade all over the United States.

Mr. Hosmer has, until of late years,



GEORGE HOSMER.

been the financial manager of the firms of which he was a member, but his advanced years will not admit of the constant application to business which duties require, so that he is not at present burdened with its responsibilities, yet his associates always welcome his advice, and in matters of importance his counsel is always sought.

The firm of Hosmer & Winch Bros. can justly claim to have originated

the "thirty days' system" among Shoe Jobbers.

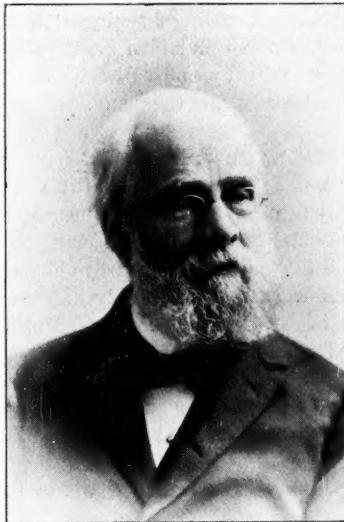
Mr. Hosmer is a lover of music, his specialty being the violin, and of these instruments he has a large and valuable collection fashioned by the hands of the old masters. He is recognized as one of the best amateur players of this difficult instrument in the city.

Mr. Hosmer has led a modest life, strictly attending to his business duties, and although being several times invited to accept positions of public and private trust has always declined.

GEORGE BROOKS, who was born in Washington Street, Roxbury, Mass., on the 28th day of November, 1819, is the son of Kendall and Mary (Pettiee) Brooks. His father was born in Woburn, Mass., in January, 1792, and his mother in Needham, Mass., in 1799. Mr. and Mrs. Brooks were the parents of seven sons and five daughters, of whom the following still survive: Rev. Kendall Brooks, D. D., of Alma, Mich.; William Brooks, Esq., of Jamaica Plain, Mass.; Rev. Samuel Brooks, D. D., of Kalamazoo, Mich.; Benjamin Henry Brooks, Esq., of Kansas City, Mo.; Mrs. Eunice Philbrook, Goffstown, N. H.; Miss Frances N. Brooks, of Roxbury, Mass.; and Mrs. Julia P. Cressy, of Sioux Falls, South Dakota.

The subject of this sketch received his education in the common schools of his native city, finishing with a course in the Roxbury High School. Upon leaving school he entered the establishment of Caleb Parker, on September 1, 1834, as a book-keeper, where he remained until May, 1838, when he went to work for Stephen

Williams, a currier and leather dealer. In November, 1840, he was admitted into partnership with Mr. Williams under the firm name of Stephen Williams & Co. The years of 1845 and 1846 Mr Brooks spent in Paris, learning the French methods of finishing calf skins, and returning to Boston in 1846, he established himself in Fulton Street, Boston, where he introduced



GEORGE BROOKS.

the same methods in the finishing of leather.

In 1851, with Mr. J. A. Safford, he formed the firm of Safford, Brooks & Co., Dealers in Shoe and Leather Manufacturers' Goods. This firm became, in 1854, Brooks, Lane & Co., and in 1856, Brooks & Mecuen, under which style it remained until 1869, when it was reorganized as Brooks & Young. In December, 1886, the present firm of Brooks & Co. was formed, consisting of Mr. Brooks and his two

sons, George K. and Gardner C. Brooks. This firm is one of the largest and best known houses in its line in New England, doing business with nearly, if not quite, all of the leather and shoe dealers in this section.

Mr. Brooks married in 1851 Miss Eliza Corey, of Brookline, by whom he has had four children, the two sons mentioned above, a daughter, Miss Agnes E. Brooks, and an infant daughter who died in February, 1861.

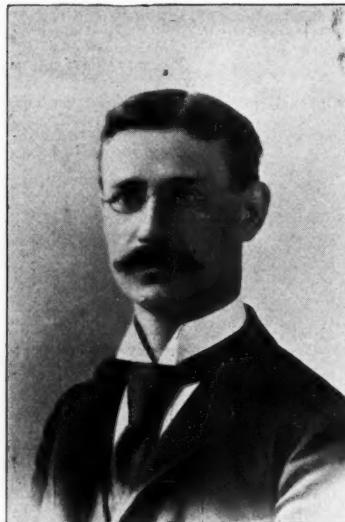
CLARENCE S. LUITWIELER is a representative of the younger men in the trade. His father was born in Flushing, Holland, and when five years of age came to this country. He early engaged in the nursery and florist business at Rochester, N. Y., and is now carrying on a very successful business at York, Pa. His mother, a Miss Andrew, was a native of New Britain, Connecticut. Clarence was born at Rochester, June 16, 1861, but received a common school education in the public schools in York, Pa., after finishing which he taught school until April, 1881, when he resigned and entered the employ of the Sewing Machine Supply Company, which was then located at Springfield, Mass.

The business was shortly after moved to Boston, in order to enjoy closer relations with the shoe manufacturing trade. Mr. Luitwieler was appointed to the position of Manager and Treasurer, and the energies of the concern were thrown into the shoe finding line, to the sacrifice of their sewing machine business, as the former field was considered much larger and more satisfactory in which to work.

Under his management the house has been very successful, so much so that in 1891 he found it necessary to open a branch house in Chicago, Ill., and in the year following another branch was established in London, England, to enable them to more successfully handle their foreign trade. During the same year a house was started in Brockton, Mass., which fur-

and shoe machines, findings and supplies of every description used by shoe manufacturers. They are sole agents for the National, also the Excelsior, Needle Companies, either of which makes more needles than any other concern in the world.

Mr. Luitwieler, beside his connection with the Sewing Machine Supply Company, is Treasurer of the Puritan Manufacturing Company, makers of wax thread sewing machines; Treasurer of the Columbian Lasting Machine Company, and a Director of the Excelsior Needle Company.



CLARENCE S. LUITWIELER.

nished the only establishment of the kind in that enterprising city.

It may be unnecessary to add that each of these houses has met with success, and carries the same line as the parent house at 105 Summer Street, Boston. There is no other house in this country that carries the same kind of goods, or as complete a stock, as the Sewing Machine Supply Company. Among other things, they make a specialty of sewing machine needles, parts for all sewing machines

WILLIAM FRANKLIN MULLIN was born in Portsmouth, N. H., July 9th, 1834, and was educated in the public schools of that city. Mr. Mullin's father was a sturdy old shoemaker, well and favorably known to all in the State as Thomas S. Mullin.

The mother of the subject of our sketch, born Miss Lusena Bell, had two children, a son and a daughter—the latter passed away three years ago. William married Miss Ellen J. Gerrish of Portsmouth; they had four children, one son and three daughters, all of whom are living. Albert W., the son, is employed by Mullin & Brown.

At the age of thirteen, William commenced his business life in a grocery store; a year later he engaged in the crockery and glass business; in this he continued about seventeen years. In 1865, he entered the leather business and later was connected with F. S. Merritt.

In the year 1879 Mr. Mullin associated himself with Mr. Horatio W. Brown (a native of Boston) in manufacturing patent and enamel leather

at North Woburn, Mass., as successors to the business founded by Linus B. Cousins about fifty years ago, at the corner of Ruggles Street and Shawmut Avenue, Roxbury.

The business was succeeded in turn by Linus B. Cousins & Co., Merritt & Tripp, F. S. Merritt, and F. S. Merritt & Co., of which firm Mullin & Brown were the company. In 1879, the present company came into con-



WILLIAM FRANKLIN MULLIN.

trol, and afterwards removed the factory to North Woburn, where they have a capacity for making 300 sides of patent leather per week.

Mr. Mullin has never given serious attention to matters outside of his business, but ever stands ready to assist in a worthy cause. He is a staunch Republican, and has lent his influence whenever solicited, but never could find time to become associated in any of the important movements

of the party. Socially he is a genial host, and if he has a weakness for sports it manifests itself as a lover of a good horse.

JOSEPH BATES LINCOLN, of Boston, sole proprietor of the shoe jobbing house of Batchelder & Lincoln, was born in North Cohasset, July 3, 1836, son of Ephraim and Betsey (Bates) Lincoln. He was reared on a farm, and educated in the public schools, graduating from the Cohasset High School at the age of seventeen. After leaving school, he spent three months at Comer's Commercial College in Boston, and then began his business career as a clerk in a Boston retail boot and shoe store. After a few years here he entered the employ of A. Esterbrook, also a retail shoe dealer, on Merchants' Row, and in 1859, forming a partnership with George C. Richards, under the firm name of Richards & Lincoln, acquired Mr. Esterbrook's business. About three years later he purchased his partner's interest, and conducted the business alone till 1866, when he formed a copartnership with George A. Mansfield and Edward E. Batchelder, under the name of George A. Mansfield & Co., and entered the shoe jobbing trade. In 1869, Mr. Mansfield retiring, the firm name was changed to the present style of Batchelder & Lincoln. Messrs. Batchelder & Lincoln continued together till the death of the former, in 1878, when his interest was purchased from the heirs by Mr. Lincoln. Since that time Mr. Lincoln has been the sole proprietor and manager of the business, which has grown to great proportions, reaching the enormous amount of nearly

five million dollar sales in 1893, extending to all parts of the country. Until 1874 the house was established in Faneuil Hall Square. That year removal was made to the present quarters on Federal Street, where six floors of one large building and two of an adjoining building are occupied, and a force of nearly one hundred and fifty persons is employed. Mr. Lincoln was one of the earliest to adopt



JOSEPH BATES LINCOLN.

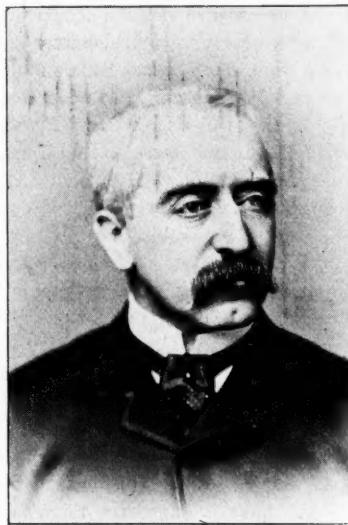
in the conduct of his business the principle known among shoe jobbers as the New England method, and his house has long been recognized as a distinctively New England house. He personally supervises the several departments of the business, which are thoroughly systemized, and follows every detail. He has few outside interests, the only one of magnitude being the Dennison Land and Investment Company, of which he has been a director since its organization. In

politics he has always been a Democrat, but has been reluctant to enter public life. In 1891, however, upon the urgent solicitation of his friends, he accepted the Democratic nomination for representative in the Legislature for the Fourth Plymouth District, a strong Republican quarter. Although defeated, he received a flattering vote; and, renominated the next year, he was elected, the first Democrat ever sent to the house from this district. In the Legislature he served on the important committee on mercantile affairs. He was one of the founders of the Boot and Shoe Club of Boston, and since its organization has served as chairman of the executive committee, declining the position of president of the club. He is a past president and now vice-president of the Narragansett Boot and Shoe Club, and is a member of the executive board of the New England Shoe and Leather Association.

THOMAS E. PROCTOR, the most prominent man in the leather trade, is about sixty years of age and was born in South Danvers (now Peabody), Mass., in which town he received his early education. His business career which has continued in the same branch through life, was begun with his father, Abel Proctor, who saw in his son, then but sixteen years of age, the making of a future leather merchant. Consequently this was the commencement of the business life of one who has proved to be the largest individual tanner in the country.

Abel Proctor & Son continued in business until about 1861, first in Fulton Street, later Thomas E. Proctor

on Pearl Street, then at the corner of Congress and High Streets, then Thomas E. Proctor Leather Co., 131 South Street, for about five years, when in May, 1893, the business was merged into The United States Leather Company, with Thomas E. Proctor as president. Nine children, two sons and seven daughters, comprised the family of Abel Proctor. Thomas has four children, two sons



THOMAS E. PROCTOR.

and two daughters. The elder son, James H., is associated with the present company.

Mr. Proctor has through life devoted himself almost entirely to his business, leaving outside matters to others of different aspirations. He has acted as a Trustee of the Massachusetts General Hospital, which office he has held for a number of years; also as a director of the Eliot National Bank.

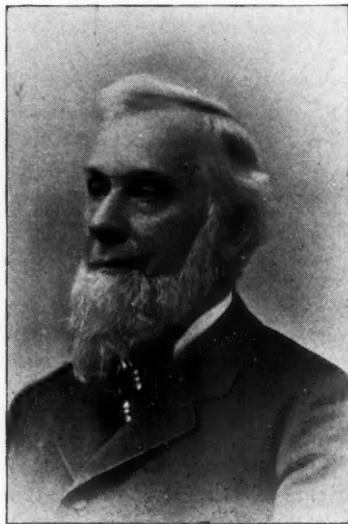
Personally Mr. Proctor is a gentleman of rare business qualifications, being able to embrace opportunities that the ordinary merchant would overlook — hence his success.

IRA P. POPE was born in the town of Danvers, Mass., on the eleventh day of September, 1823, and received his preliminary education in the common schools of that historic old town. He then took a course of instruction at Burr Seminary, a noted academic school at Manchester, Vermont. Returning on the completion of this course to his native town, he became familiar with all the details of the business of manufacturing boots and shoes, a trade which has long been largely carried on in that place, and on the first day of March, 1845, he commenced business for himself in the same line. Since that time he has been continually in the shoe business, always for himself and without any partner.

He continued the manufacture of shoes in Danvers until 1871, when he sold out his plant and removed his business to Boston. Since that time he has carried on business in Boston as a dealer in boots and shoes, receiving and selling the product of other manufacturers, thus avoiding the necessity of attending to the details of factory work. During his factory business at Danvers, Mr. Pope was the first to adopt in that town what is now so generally used, the stitching machine, for the work of fitting on the uppers,—the machine used by him being the Grover and Baker. He was also the first manufacturer in Danvers to introduce a sole-leather stripping machine, and the now com-

mon McKay sewing machine, all other manufacturers being engaged in the production of *pegged* shoes. From these facts it will be readily seen that Mr. Pope belongs to the most progressive class of manufacturers, and as might have been expected from such foresight and readiness to adopt improvements, he has prospered in his business.

His business ability has opened to



IRA P. POPE.

him other avenues of success beside the boot and shoe trade, and he has been honored by election to various prominent offices in the banking business, being a director in the First National Bank of Danvers, a trustee of the Danvers Savings Bank, in which institution he is also chairman of the Board of Investment, a director of the Salem National Bank, and also of the Essex County Safe Deposit and Trust Company. His place of

business is at 97 Summer Street, Boston, and both in Boston and in Essex County he possesses the complete confidence and high esteem of his own trade and of business men in general.

WILLIAM LINCOLN SAGE was born at number 4 Fitzhew Street, in Rochester, N. Y., on the twentieth day of September, 1844. His father, whose name was William Nathan Sage, was born in Ballston Spa, N. Y., on the nineteenth day of February, 1819, and removing to Rochester became a prominent boot and shoe manufacturer in that city. He married Miss Lydia Gibbs Brown, of Providence, R. I., who was born on the twenty-seventh day of April, 1821. Of this marriage, the subject of our sketch was the only child.

Young Sage attended the common schools of his native city, after which he prepared for college under private tutors and entered the University of Rochester from which he graduated in 1865 and received the degree of Master of Arts in 1868. The day after his graduation from college, in 1865, he went to work in his father's establishment (Pancost, Sage & Morse), in Rochester, and with this house he remained until 1881, when he came to Boston and established himself in the business of a rubber boot and shoe jobber, under the name, now so well known, of Sage & Co. The company in this case is merely nominal, as Mr. Sage has not and never had a partner. Starting at number 73 Pearl Street, Mr. Sage's business grew rapidly, and after two years, compelled him to seek larger quarters at 81 Pearl Street. These sufficed until three years later when he

was again obliged to move into a more spacious store at 100 Federal Street, and finally, in 1893, he was compelled to hire two buildings (numbers 168 and 170 Congress Street) where he is now located. The remarkable growth of Mr. Sage's business is more noteworthy as he has confined himself exclusively to the sale of rubber boots and shoes. In this line his



WILLIAM LINCOLN SAGE.

house now takes rank as the largest in America.

In this large establishment he employs about sixty-five hands, and his new quarters are spacious and well-equipped for the comfort of both his employees and his customers.

Mr. Sage married Miss Emma Wanzer, of Rochester, N. Y., by whom he has one child, Miss Ida Wanzer Sage. He is an enthusiastic lover of athletic sports of all kinds, and is particularly interested in trout-

fishing, in which science (for such it may fairly be termed) he has become exceedingly adept.

FRANCIS FAULKNER EMERY was born in Boston, March 26, 1830, and is a son of Francis Welch Roberts and Sophronia (Faulkner) Emery. He comes of old English stock. The family genealogy, both on the paternal and maternal side, has been carefully and authentically traced for many generations, but interesting as it is, from lack of space must be omitted from these columns. His father was born at Newburyport, May 31, 1806, and came to Boston in 1824. He was a well-known contractor, having erected Music Hall and other prominent buildings in this city. He was thrice married; first, to Sophronia Faulkner, July 2, 1829, who died December 21, 1837; second, to Mary Baker Wolcott, March 26, 1839, who died September 6, 1847; and in May, 1848, to Susan Davenport Ward, who died in 1875. Mr. Emery died in Glasgow, Scotland, February 25, 1860.

The subject of our sketch began his education in the Boston public schools, from which he went to the Phillips Academy at Andover, and subsequently graduated from the Boston High School in 1848. He then entered the employ of J. P. Thordike, a leather merchant of Boston. In September, 1849, he shipped as supercargo of the ship "Ceathys" for San Francisco, in which city he realized a profit of \$17,000 by a building speculation. In 1851 he returned to Boston, and in 1852 went to work for Fred Jones, boot and shoe manufacturer of Athol, and in 1853 was admitted a partner, under the firm name

of Fred Jones & Co. In 1857 they had the first factory in New England where the entire process of boot and shoe making was done by machinery. During the war they made large quantities of army shoes, producing as many as five thousand pairs of cavalry boots and delivered them in New York within three days. In 1882 the firm of Fred Jones & Co. was dissolved, and from that time until the discon-

tinuance of the business in May, 1891, Mr. Emery conducted it alone. Among the most important of these measures was the movement to repeal the internal revenue laws after the close of the war, his reports upon the evil effects resulting to the country from the duty imposed upon hides, and which was presented to Congress by David A. Wells, had not a little influence in securing a removal of the duty. The equitable condition of freight rates from Boston of to-day is in a great measure due to this gentleman, as was the organization of the Shoe and Leather Association.

In behalf of the boot and shoe industry, with which he was so long and prominently identified, Mr. Emery has in many ways been a helpful factor. His time and services have always been freely given to advance the general good of the industry.

His leading characteristics were inherited from ancestors who had qualities of sterling honesty, of great moral courage and true independence of character, united to fervent piety, love of home, regard for religion and education, and intense patriotism. Mr. Emery has often run counter to the popular view on important questions, but has never hesitated to stand alone when he believed he was right. He is a man of careful, calculating judgment, and always has full command of his resources. In fact, this gentleman is a New Englander in all the name implies.

Mr. Emery was married September 18, 1855, to Caroline Sweetser Jones, daughter of Frederick and Maria (Sweetser) Jones, who died in 1890. Their children are Maria Sweetser, Francis Faulkner, Jr., and Edward Stanley. Another son, Frederick Jones Emery, died in infancy.



FRANCIS FAULKNER EMERY.

tinuance of the business in May, 1891, Mr. Emery conducted it alone.

In 1851 he, together with fifty members of different churches of Boston, made a stand for the improvement of polities in the city. After an energetic fight this association continued together, and from it sprung the Young Men's Christian Association. Although never accepting political office he has been an active worker in the field when his business interest was

## WHAT HAS THE WOMAN SUFFRAGE REFORM ACCOMPLISHED?

IT is not quite half a century since the first "Woman's Rights Convention" was held at Seneca Falls, in the state of New York. The question of woman's equal rights had been agitated for nearly twenty years previous to this, but it had been incidental to the prosecution of other work. The Anti-Slavery reform, led by Garrison and Phillips, had entered the lists against the colossal sin of slavery, and "for a score of years had been battling for the black man with unsurpassed moral force and courage. It was reinforced at a very early day by women like Lydia Maria Child, Maria Weston Chapman, Lucretia Mott and the Grimke sisters, who put to the service of the great reform pens wielded with consummate skill, rare eloquence and administrative talent.

Conservatives in church and state were alarmed, war was declared against the eloquent women, and it was demanded that they should be silenced, and not allowed to speak or vote in the business meetings of the Anti-Slavery Society. This brought about a division in the organization, before it had reached its first decade. It forced a double battle on the Abolitionists, one for the freedom of the slave, and one for the rights of woman. The doctrine of human rights was exhaustively discussed then and there, and it was demonstrated that the rights of men and women were identical. Anti-Slavery platforms resounded with the demand that liberty, justice and equality be accorded to women, and the anti-slavery press

teemed with arguments for woman's rights, which are repeated in the woman suffrage meetings of the present day.

The agitation grew, until the time came when a separate and independent organization was necessary to present the claims of woman in a direct and forcible manner. The advanced thinkers of the time decided that the hour had arrived when they could not avoid taking issue with the legal and social order which denied women the rights of human beings, and held them in everlasting tutelage. Accordingly, the first Woman Suffrage Convention was called at Seneca Falls, N. Y., in July, 1848.

It was attended by a crowd of men and women, who manifested the deepest interest in the proceedings. Like Garrison, when he inaugurated the anti-slavery reform, the leaders of the new movement demanded the uttermost. In unambiguous terms, they claimed all that the most radical friends of women have ever asked. They demanded "equal rights in colleges and universities, trades and professions; complete equality in marriage, equal rights in property and in the guardianship of minor children; equal wages for equal work, the right to make contracts, to personal freedom, to sue and be sued, and to serve on juries, especially when women were to be tried." And finally, they demanded "the right to vote, and to share in political offices, honors and emoluments."

The country resounded with scorn-

ful disapproval of the movement. The press poured into it the hot-shot of its ridicule, as was to be expected, for it was an innovation, and unpopular; the pulpit anathematized it; and society hastened to ostracize it. Petitions to legislatures, asking repeal of unjust laws were received with derision and indecent blackguardism, ignominious disposition was made of them, and the petitioners had "leave to withdraw," and to "stand not on the order of their going, but to go at once." But the woman suffrage movement had come to stay, and its work has gone steadily on, under the nurture of a bitter opposition begotten of ignorance, prejudice and bigotry. It still holds the field, flushed with victories which are the earnest of complete success in the near future. It has now a vast constituency, which is constantly increasing in numbers and intelligence, wealth and social prestige. And it is engaged in a propagandism which includes not alone all English speaking countries, but is felt in India, Southern Africa, Continental Europe, and the continental islands of the sea—in short, the world over.

No reform advances or eventuates as its leaders plan. It advances as armies march, by short journeys and with frequent halts. And it frequently accomplishes something larger and nobler than was proposed, or, as in the case of the woman suffrage reform, in achieving first its gainful results, before the reform is carried. There was a general expectation, in the beginning, that political rights and privileges must be obtained by women before colleges, professions and gainful occupations would be

opened to them. "Legal justice must precede social equity," was the watchword of the hour. But the reverse of this has taken place. Only seven occupations were open to women in 1836. They were allowed to be teachers of a low grade, seamstresses, tailoresses, milliners, dressmakers, household servants and factory operatives. All other employments were rigidly tabooed them.

But under cover of the fire for woman's enfranchisement, one door of opportunity after another has been opened to women, until at the present time they are found in almost every department of the world's work. Hon. Carroll D. Wright, Chief of the National Bureau of the Statistics of Labor, has reported recently, that women are occupied in three hundred and forty-two money-making occupations. In many instances they serve with men who graciously acknowledge the practical wisdom and virtue they bring to their duties, although to the shame of their employers, they are generally compelled to work for inferior pay.

The capacity of women for public affairs has received large recognition while the movement for woman's enfranchisement has been advancing. At the present time they are elected or appointed to such political offices as county clerk, register of deeds, pension agent, prison commissioner, overseer of the poor, state librarian, school superintendent and school supervisor. They serve as executors and administrators of estates, trustees and guardians of property, trusts and children, engrossing clerks of state legislatures, superintendents of women's state prisons, members of boards of state char-

ties, lunacy and correction, police matrons and post-mistresses. Seven thousand women are to-day employed in the various administration offices at Washington, where, however, "it is deemed necessary, even by their friends, to maintain for them a certain inferiority of position or salary, lest their places should be claimed by men voters."

Although other causes have contributed to this phenomenal development of women, yet it has proceeded side by side with the movement for woman's enfranchisement, and has been urged on by the spur of continual victories achieved by that reform. Men have been willing to grant women everything but justice.

The years from 1848 to 1865 were made notable by the efforts of women to obtain higher education. So little had been done for their intellectual training, and that little had been done so grudgingly, that women did not presume to ask for a woman's college. They only asked admission to men's colleges, where, in most instances, were libraries, museums, laboratories and professors for twice the number of students in attendance. But everywhere they were refused; sometimes with courtesy and contempt, which still rankle in the memory.

It is an astonishing fact that every advance of woman, in any department, has been met by opposition from men, which has been unjust, vituperative, and relentless. A small minority of the noblest and best men, in all communities, have ably seconded women in their protracted struggle, aiding them with counsel and personal effort, and in-

spiring them with sublime and unflagging courage. Never shall their memory fail among women, and never shall they be remembered but with tender gratitude.

At last, Matthew Vassar, "recognizing in woman the same intellectual constitution as in man," as he declared, resolved to give to girls a fair chance for a liberal education, under conditions in every way favorable to health,—and Vassar College was opened to women in September, 1865, when four hundred students were admitted. It marked an epoch in the history of woman. It was the first act in a peaceful and beneficent revolution, which is still in progress, and which has changed the whole status of women. Since then other colleges for women have been founded, and eight-tenths of the colleges for men, of all grades and of no grade, have admitted women to the same courses of study as their brothers, and have graduated them with the same diplomas. Professional and technical schools have opened their doors to women, and have graduated thousands, of whom many are in successful and lucrative practice at the present time.

The census of 1880 records over 2,500 women physicians, "duly qualified to practise medicine according to law." They support three large medical schools of their own, and several lesser ones; and conduct seven hospitals of their own. Their legal status is the same as that of men physicians. "They are eligible to all state appointments; fill official positions on health boards, in prisons and reformatories, and are specifically ordered for appointment in female

insane asylums. Their expert testimony, already accepted by insurance companies, is recognized by law courts."

Illogical and absurd as it seems for women to engage in the active practise of law, while denied the ballot, yet this is what men have decreed, and "women advocates plead in the same court-room whence women jurors are excluded." The census of 1880 records 75 practising lawyers,—the number is now estimated at 150. Women are admitted to practice in the Supreme Court of the United States, when they have been admitted to practise at the bar in their own states. In different parts of the country, women have served as "police judges, justices of the peace, grand and petit jurors, federal and state court clerks, and deputy clerks, official stenographers and reporters for federal and state courts, special examiners or referees, court appraisers, court record writers, notaries public, legislative clerks, deputy constables, examiners in chancery, and examiners of applicants for admission to the bar, and state and federal commissioners, when many cases have been tried before them."

The admission of women to the ministry and the theological schools is still hotly contested, but the census of 1880 records 165 ordained women ministers, resident in thirty-four states. In the preparation for the Parliament of Religions, held a year since in Chicago, it was discovered that seventeen religious denominations of the country admit women to their theological schools, ordain them, and give them pastorates.

Eight-tenths of the teachers of the country are women, who fit boys for college, teach them civil government, and train them for citizenship, when they shall have attained the voting age,—a future to which the woman teacher is forbidden to aspire.

The daily press is everywhere regarded as a powerful agency in moulding and directing public opinion, not only in the domain of social affairs, but in those of party polities. Into the profession of journalism, women have thronged. A disfranchised class, they write political articles, report political conventions, interview political candidates, and are sometimes sent into certain districts to watch and report political movements,—as in the case of Miss Krout of the *Chicago Inter-Ocean*, who was sent for weeks to Indianapolis, during the Harrison campaign, performing her duties with such rare political sagacity as won her the praise of even the presidential candidate himself. Five hundred women have contributed articles to the *Century Magazine* since its organization,—fifty-five to *Scribner's*,—three hundred to *Harper's Monthly*,—from seven to eight hundred to the *Ladies Home Journal*,—and fully two-thirds of the contributors to the *New England Magazine* are women.

The interminable debates, the reiterated statement of grievances, the unflagging demands for justice and the pungent appeals to the moral sense of the community in behalf of the enfranchisement of women, during the last fifty years, have had their effect as the foregoing facts easily show. Just and broad-minded

men, of whom there are not a few, have been stimulated to enlarge women's rights and opportunities, even when they could not accept woman suffrage. And women have taken heart and courage, and worked to help themselves, and others more oppressed and needy than themselves. Over sixty societies of national scope and value have been formed by women for women, in these busy years, with hundreds of state and tens of thousands of local auxiliaries grouped around them both North and South. Local boards of women by the hundred have been organized to help the defective, dependent, and delinquent classes in towns and cities, like "Women's Protective Agency," "Industrial Schools for Girls," "Day Nurseries," "Women's Exchanges," "Homes for Aged Men," "Aged Women," and "Aged Couples," "Homes for the Friendless," etc. We have not space for a mere mention of them, and all have come into existence in recent years, and are almost universally supported and managed by women.

What have women gained in political rights during these fifty years? They demanded the ballot, because that, and that alone, will give them legal recognition of their equality with men, which is the real matter in dispute. The very winter following the Seneca Falls Convention in 1848, the legislatures were invaded by the demands of women for legal rights. At that time, in most, if not all the states, the wife's property, real and personal, was controlled by her husband. All rents, profits, and income from her lands, all her stocks, bonds, plate, furniture, and jewelry

were his, and whatever she might earn by her industry or skill. She could not will away her property, serve as a witness, make contracts, sue or be sued, engage in business on her own account, or give a power of attorney. Her husband was the legal guardian and owner of her minor children, could will them away, apprentice them, or educate them as he pleased.

An incessant warfare has been waged against these unjust laws, and many of them have been expunged from the statute books of the Northern States. But as yet, only seven states of the Union have given the father and mother equal legal control and guardianship of the minor children. In many states the earnings of the wife are the legal property of the husband, and he not unfrequently claims them. The laws by which estates are settled, when the husband and father dies intestate, are in many respects harsh, unequal, and unjust. It is not possible for one sex alone, unadvised and unassisted by the other, to frame just and satisfactory laws concerning matters that effect both sexes equally,—like questions of marriage and divorce, the regulation of the liquor traffic, the management of the public schools, the care and cure of insane and criminal people, and many others that might be mentioned.

Of late years, women have almost entirely ceased their wearisome efforts to effect a change in laws that are unjust to them, and are bending all their energies to obtain their own enfranchisement. They will then be in a position to compel the revision of our laws, and to eliminate from them

the injustice to women which still defaces the statute books. Already, they have accomplished much in this direction. For twenty-eight states and territories have already conferred upon women the right of suffrage, in full or in part. The states of Wyoming and Colorado have given women the full suffrage, on the same terms as men, the former taking the lead in this noble work nearly, if not quite, a quarter of a century ago. The states of California, Connecticut, Illinois, Indiana, Iowa, Kentucky, Louisiana, Maine, Massachusetts, Michigan, Minnesota, Nebraska, New Hampshire, North and South Dakota, New Jersey, New York, Oregon, Pennsylvania, Rhode Island, Wisconsin, Washington, Vermont, Idaho, Montana, and the Territory of Arizona, all confer on women certain voting rights and privileges in connection with schools. In Texas, the school officers are chosen by petitions to the county judge for their appointment, and he appoints those whose petitions are most largely signed. These petitions women can sign on the same terms as men. The question of liquor license is decided in Mississippi and Arkansas in the same manner.

It will be seen, therefore, that thirty-one states and territories have conferred the franchise on women in some form. This has been accomplished, not by the fanaticism of a few abnormal and unbalanced women, as many superficial objectors declare. That would ascribe to them too much power and influence, for history has given no account of so vast a movement in the interest of women as that

which is in progress to-day. It is the legitimate outgrowth of the principles of republicanism, and has come naturally from the evolution of woman as a human being. No one who has carefully studied the question can lack faith in its ultimate success, or in the beneficent results it will accomplish.

"The state is but the family writ large," and yet the very people who admit this, fail to comprehend that "the same causes produce the same good and evil effects in both state and family." In the family, the place and functions of the parents, and of its older members, who assist in educating and governing, are distinctly defined. They are complementary and coöperative, and the family is only well-ordered, prosperous and happy, as the duties of the respective offices are faithfully filled. In the larger family—the nation—made up of all the families within its boundaries, the same great principle should be carried out. And because it has been ignored, and men have excluded women from participation in the national housekeeping, there is misrule, disorder and social confusion everywhere to-day.

Woman suffrage proposes woman, not as a rival or competitor of man, but as a coöoperator, a "help-meet." She has wrought more of good than evil in the world, during her ages of ignorance, bondage and degradation. What may not be expected from her in well doing and helpfulness, when she is accorded education and opportunity, equality and equity?

MARY A. LIVERMORE.

## A HOUSE AND A NAME.

ONE afternoon in April, 1866, a middle-aged gentleman was standing on the south sidewalk of a cobble-paved street at the North End. The street is now wider and handsomer, extending only from Salem to Hanover, and is called Parmenter; but in former days it formed a part of a longer road, running from the base of Copps Hill to the sea, and was called Richmond, a name still belonging to its lower section, from Hanover Street to Atlantic Avenue.

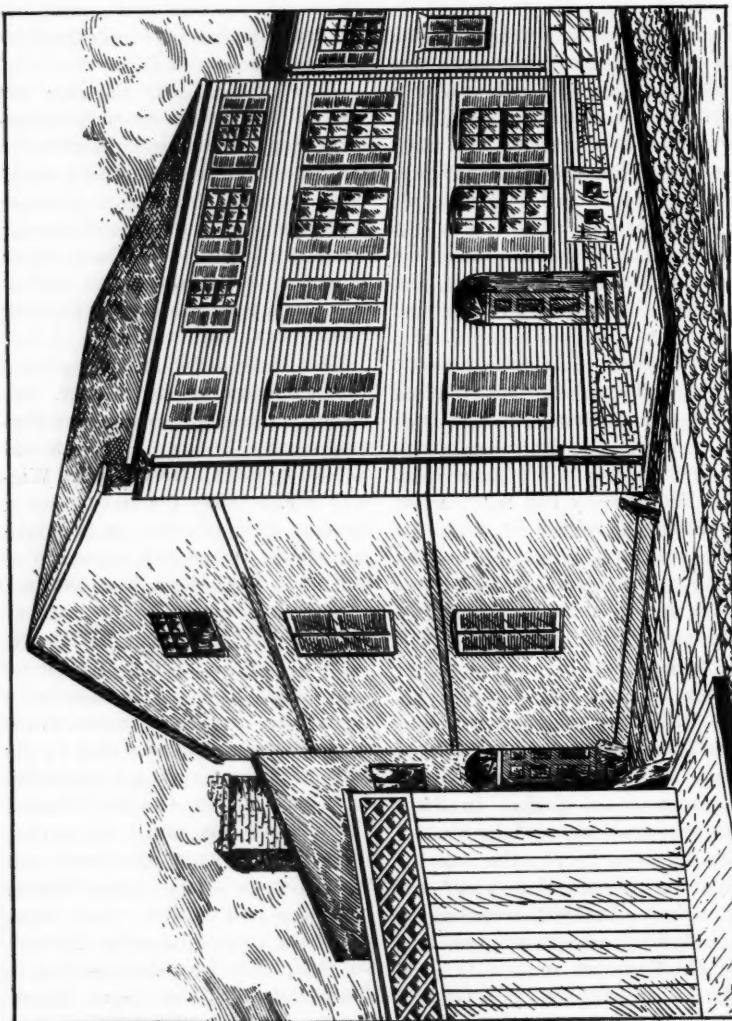
The gentleman was Mr. William Walker, of Chelsea; and he was hastily sketching with colored pencils, on coarse paper, the house opposite. Photography had not reached its present development, and the right focus was impossible in the waning light; hence our friend was at work on this drawing, necessarily crude, but valuable as the only picture of the house in existence, and now for the first time engraved.

As Mr. Walker was a native of bonnie Scotland, and not a professional limner, why was he taking such pains over an old Yankee dwelling, never owned or occupied by himself or his forebears? For the sake of a grand woman born there a half century before. In 1809, according to the old City Directories, we find Elkanah Cushman in the firm of Cushman & Topliff, on Green's Wharf. In 1816 their warehouse is on Long Wharf; and Mr. Cushman, not long married, is living on Richmond Street, number not mentioned. In that year, on July 23, he gazed upon

the new-born face of one destined to immortalize her family.

But why could our sketcher not wait till some more convenient camera season? Because the next morning the old house's demolition would begin, to make way for a grammar schoolhouse; and this sketch was for a lifelong friend of the lady whose fame the new structure was ultimately to commemorate, CHARLOTTE SAUNDERS CUSHMAN.

This paper is not an attempt at a full summary of her career, but rather a tissue of personal and Bostonian reminiscences. The friend alluded to was Charles Edward Wiggins (1813-1888), for sixty years a familiar philanthropie and unique personality in our city, especially at the North End, where, from 1835 till 1888, he was engaged in the crockery and paperhanging trade, on the V-shaped lot at the juncture of Hanover and Union Streets with Marshall's Lane, near the Boston Stone, where the business is still conducted by his only surviving children, Charles Edward and Arthur Crocker Wiggins. Their father was proud of descent from three colonial governors and two Revolutionary grandfathers. He had a brother, five years older, who bore a name inherited through six generations from Governor Simon Bradstreet. In due time James Simon Wiggins (1808-1881) became a prominent merchant and ship-owner; but when he first came from their home in South Newmarket, in southeastern New Hampshire, about



HOUSE IN WHICH CHARLOTTE S. CUSHMAN WAS BORN.

1825, a stripling of seventeen, he found speedy employment with Elk-anah Cushman. Youthful independence soon led to a rupture, because the employer refused his clerk some holiday privilege; but young Wiggin had found a home beneath the Cushman roof. Charlotte was now about ten years old, though not living in our pictured house; for untoward circumstances impelled her father to unusually frequent flittings. Three years later, when a younger Wiggin followed Simon to town, what more natural than an introduction of Charlie to Mrs. Cushman, who had meanwhile opened a boardinghouse on her separate account. The newcomer was a large-framed lad of fifteen, while Charlotte was a big girl, only three years his junior; and straightway began their lasting intimacy.

She used to refer to herself as a tomboy in girlhood. Before her twelfth year she won applause by managing a very juvenile performance of *Bluebeard*, in the garret; and years afterward she could give pleasure to private listeners in Selim's serenade duet with Fatima, "Twilight glimmers o'er the steep." It would make our story more picturesque, could we add that this show was in the attic of our picture; but a careful balancing of dates forbids the bans. Charlotte's *Bluebeard* may have reigned at 161 Court Street, where her father boarded in 1828; or the entertainment may have been in 1825 or 1826, when they were house-keeping on Central (or Centre) Street, very near Mr. Cushman's counting-room, if this was the street now so named. Possibly this performance was in 1827, when the Cushmans re-

sided on Spring Street, corner of Milton, in what was then called West Boston. Despite her precocity, we can hardly locate Charlotte's opera as far back as 1818-20, when the family home was on Back Street (the upper, or westerly, part of Salem Street) and Charlotte was a mere toddler; nor yet from 1821 to 1824, when she was five to eight, and they lived on Middle Street, or that portion of Hanover between Prince and Union. This only is sure, that whenever and wherever acted, the girl's *Selim* was the bright harbinger of her host of triumphant masculine assumptions, from *Fortunato Falcone* and *Patrick*, to *Wolsey* and *Romeo*.

As a child she sang in church, finding self-support a necessity; but she can scarcely be said to have sung in public till March 25, 1830, when she was under fourteen, but took part in a Social Concert, in a hall at the corner of Franklin Avenue. On the program she was designated simply as *A Young Lady*; and her songs, like "Merry Row the Bonny Bark," are seldom heard nowadays. As a trio they sang *Sweet Home*, written only seven years before, by a New Yorker under thirty, John Howard Payne, to whose words, occurring in his pathetic drama of *Clari*, Bishop had adapted a Sicilian melody.

Presumably at this date (as assuredly a few months later) the mother's home was at 38 Milk Street, and young Wiggin was among the boarders. Though in after life some one fitly described her as "the most reposeful woman" he ever knew, our debutante was so naturally anxious that, after a restless night, she rose very early, and summoned Charlie

Wiggin for a long morning tramp, which steadied her nerves for the evening's ordeal.

In 1833 we find Mrs. Mary E. Cushman living at 16 High Street, on Fort Hill. During several succeeding years she is set down as at 41 Brattle Street; and evidently this was their home when Charlotte passed the Rubicon of her lifework. Her inborn predilection for the stage was fostered by daily contact with actors who boarded in the house, and whom she perpetually urged to get her a theatric chance; a petition at last rewarded, for Charlotte generally compassed her desires.

In April, 1835, when our young aspirant lacked three months of her nineteenth birthday, a contralto was needed for an English operatic company, at the Tremont Theatre, which ten years later was transformed into the Tremont Temple. Somebody recommended a deep-voiced native girl, who lived only three squares off. In double quick time Charlotte was at the Tremont House, then a new hotel. The examination and tutoring both proving satisfactory, the ambitious Charlotte was one evening escorted to the stage door by her friend Charlie, who had now reached his twenty-first year; and in a few hours she had made her quiet debut as the Countess, in Mozart's *Figaro*.

It is singular that her second part should be Lucy Bertram, in *Guy Mannering*, then given as an elaborate musical drama. The record does not say who played Meg Merrilies; but nobody thought of assigning such a part to this girl, or imagined that five years later that strident hag would, at a clip, become the Cushman "fortune-teller and fortune-maker."

"Mrs. Chippendale is ill! You must play her part to-night!" So spake the manager to our Bostonienne of twenty-five, who during four years had been at the New York Park, playing all sorts of utility parts, lovers and fiends included; being, as she used to say, a sort of maid-of-all-work on the scene, to dust furniture and light candles.

In half a day the lengths were committed, and at night Charlotte's wand converted fortuity into miracle; for she not only made a weird leap onto the stage, which made the flesh of professional stagers creep, but jumped plump into fame. When you remember that Daniel Terry's dramatization of this *Waverley* novel was first produced in the very spring when Charlotte was born, you feel as if she had some astrological claim upon the play,

That Cushman's right and Cushman's might  
Had met on that eventful night.

Her achievement was the more remarkable because, in a play of only three acts, Meg does not appear till the middle of the second; and in the original text had but forty speeches, many of them short, aggregating less than a hundred and fifty lines. This seemed such a drawback to Janau-schek, when reluctantly undertaking the part several years ago, that she made a careful study of the romance, while crossing the Atlantic, and added sundry speeches from Scott's dialogue, greatly bettering the part, not only in length, but by emphasizing the maternal side of the gypsy's character, which the old version almost ignored.

Though Charlotte had lost her musical gifts by overstraining her voice before its wings were fairly spread,

so that she could almost say with the Scripture, "Died Abner as the fool dieth," her indomitable will turned misfortune into such victory as enabled her to soar from the ashes of lyric chagrin into the empyrean of dramatic art. Even now she could sing upon occasion; and it was an inspiration to herself croon the zingara's prophetic lullaby, instead of leaving it to the younger gypsy. Not to have seen her in *Meg* in its palmy days is a distinct loss; for when she last played it in Boston, one could dare compare it with an assumption in 1848, at the Boston Museum, by Mrs. Judah, and not to that admirable "old woman's" discredit.

Decadence was likewise noticeable in her latest personations of *Lady Macbeth*; and she had certainly lost her grip on comedy, in which she had never been greatest. In her eleventh-hour revival of Poole's *comediatta*, Simpson & Co., her temper could only express itself by tediously pacing to and fro, like a caged leopard, on the art-square in the stage centre; though it must be acknowledged that jealous women sometimes behave just so, and the actress may have copied her action from life.

With her *Henry the Eighth* it was far otherwise. There might be weakening in the pleadings on the throne, and in her argument with the cardinals; but the trial was as regal as ever. You came home to look up your *Shakespeare*, feeling sure Katherine had spoken a column in her superb exit, and were amazed to find only half a dozen lines. But with what grandeur they were then uttered!

It is encouraging to know our heroine did not reach the summit in any patent flying-machine. How helpful her Browning motto:

Be sure that God ne'er dooms to waste,  
The strength he deigns impart.

While playing fewer home engagements than one might expect, she nevertheless appeared in all the play-houses Boston boasted,—including the Howard, in its tony days, and the National, near the spot where later grew our northern depots. There was a notable season with Macready—before such auditors as Webster, Sumner, Longfellow, Judges Shaw and Story, John Quincy Adams,—in the Melodeon, an auditorium temporarily arranged for the purpose, and standing where more recently we find Keith's Bijou and Gaiety.

So strong was our actress, that it is almost delightful to know she could be so thrown off her balance, by a thin New York farewell, in 1844, as to make Vandenhoff say: "You have knocked the fourth and fifth acts of *Much Ado* together extemporaneously." At the Boston National, in 1851, an apparently derisive sneeze made her gallantly escort Juliet (Miss Anderton) from the stage, and then return to tell the applaudive audience that if *they* would not put the fellow out, *she* must.

A biographer states that Miss Cushman's only experience in management (and that a disappointment) was in 1842, in Philadelphia, and doubtless this is literally correct; yet she had the old Boston Federal Street Theatre during a brief season, in 1849, for a repertoire, including *Tobin's Honeymoon*, once popular,

though it seemed dreary enough, when given by a modern actress a decade or so ago. On one night of Cushman's performance of it an amusing incident occurred. The house was arranged in the olden fashion. Pit (or orchestra) benches were not reserved. In the line we now call the circle (only a trifle higher) were the boxes; but while a ticket admitted to a special box, it did not specify the holder's precise seat therein; so it was "First come, first served." In one compartment was a group of the star's personal friends,—though not deadheaded, for in this direction Charlotte was never lavish. "If your *friends* won't patronize your wares, who will?" was her motto, on a business basis. When this party arrived, two front seats were occupied by strangers. The rest of that row was at once taken by some of the incoming ladies; but this not being wholly agreeable to a dame who would have to sit further back, she dragooned her reluctant husband into asking the earlier birds to yield their perches. They civilly replied that they had come in good season expressly to catch these chances; and firmly kept their sittings, greatly to the satisfaction of fair-minded listeners, and despite the wrathful word-stabbing of the irate auditor in their rear.

A beautiful quality in Miss Cushman was her family affection, carried almost to clannishness, as was partly shown by the bestowal of her wealth. After some important event she could not rest till she had written mother about it; as, for instance, after her first appearance as Evadne, with Macready. This tenderness was espec-

ially shown in her relations to her sister Susan, whose children she regarded as her own, and endowed with the family surname. They acted much together, the elder often taking male parts, that the younger might have better feminine advantage. One of the few pictures of Americans in the Tallis-Macready Shakespeare, 1852, represents the Cushman girls as Romeo and Juliet; and as early as 1841 Susan was Helena and Charlotte, was Oberon, in Midsummer Night's Dream. Whenever any professional difficulty arose, the older sister made the other's cause her own.

In the fall of 1863, in Boston Music Hall, she read the ode at the dedication of the great organ, which now lies, half buried and forgotten, in the disused South End cemetery, in the rear of the New England Conservatory of Music, waiting for its resurrection,—a condition which made an English punster ask: "For such a distinguished instrument, isn't its position slightly *infra dig*?"

The winter found her once more in her favorite Roman home, on the Via Gregoriana, where she so much enjoyed the society of her friend Miss Stebbins, the sculptress. During this sojourn the writer first met Miss Cushman. Though the family acquaintance was of such long standing, it had always been his ill-luck to be away when the great actress came to Boston. Despite a deluge of social duties she was not forgetful of Auld Lang Syne; and one Thursday forenoon, March 10, 1864, she glided into our room at the Hotel Minerva, with no introduction except her own kindly words, "Miss Cushman, you know!" Barely could mother and son rise be-

fore she added: "Writing home?" Then she spoke of kindred, discussed American affairs, dropped useful hints about travel, and swept into the entry all too soon, with a farewell: "Come and see me! Friday is my day; but come any time, if you'll take your chances!"

We were destined to meet again in ten days, on the afternoon of March 21, at a queer entertainment, under damp arches of a suburban palace. A mysterious Italian ticket was left in the chamber. Could the clerk explain? A friend had said it would be welcome, and two scudi had been added to the bill. Would he translate the ticket? "A Sacred Academy in honor of the Cross, for an oblation of St. Peter, which His Holiness the Pope [Pio Nono] deigns to accept, the profits designed for the School of the Poor."

"Is each ticket ten francs?"

"Ah, no! People pay what they please, but this is the least."

"And what is to be done?"

"Liszt is expected to play, though the public know it not."

Four sermons, by four prelates in four languages, were glory enough for one session, with motets, a brass band, Palestrina's music, and lay speeches; but the magnet was Franz Liszt, who not only had repented his lifelong peccadilloes, but taken holy orders as an abbé. It could hardly be said there were front seats, but there were hard, unpainted, movable chairs, all unreserved; and a music-lover was of course on hand to secure a coign of vantage, only a few feet from the player's right hand. The place rapidly filled. Suddenly our magnificent actress sailed in, con-

voying a human fleet. As her companions dropped into chairs under her guiding finger, she looked about, seemingly in search of one for herself.

"Take mine!" exclaimed inexperienced enthusiasm.

"But *you*?" rejoined Miss Cushman.

"Oh, I can sit *here*!"

"But you can't see his hands!"

"Never mind that!" For was it not a pleasure to honor a distinguished compatriot, born not many rods away from one's own cradle?

With a salvo of thanks she accepted the offering, and then as graciously assigned it to a callow youth in her train, who doubtless appreciated the Lisztian fingers.

In 1837—for a Boston benefit to the late James E. Murdock, then in his prime—Miss Cushman sang *Hail Columbia*; and this was an indication of patriotic fervor, never abated by London or Rome, much as she loved her homes in those two cities.

The writer's last interview was as impressive as it was accidental. It was on July 14, 1864, not long after Miss Cushman, by her talent, had diverted nine thousand dollars into the channels of the Sanitary Commission. The day was parching. We had seen the Napoleonic sarcophagus in the domed vault of the Invalides, and were traversing the glaring flagstones of the courtyard, when, like a flash, Miss Cushman beamed upon us with extended hand. She was alone, walking from her carriage at the gate. After the usual greeting we spoke of national affairs; for then Americans abroad were feeling needlessly blue over the long-drawn battle of the

Wilderness. There is a story that Mrs. Siddons once astonished a pot-boy by exclaiming, in tragic blank verse, "You brought me water, boy; I asked for beer!" and a wit declared she stabbed her potatoes. Though the cause was grander, we could not avoid thinking of these anecdotes when Charlotte Cushman waved her glowing parasol, as if it had been old Meg's forked sceptre, and exclaimed, in trumpet tones: "Do you know what I think Grant means to do with those Rebels? He means to starve them out! — *starve* them out!"

The schoolhouse was completed in 1867, while she was in Europe, called thither by her mother's death; so Miss Cushman did not visit it till 1871, nor was its name earlier conferred; nor would it ever have been Cushman, though a consummation devoutly wished by herself, had it not been for the tireless importunity of Mr. C. E. Wiggin. While the consistent member of a sect generally considered narrow, and antagonistic to the theatre, he was the personal friend of many actors, — Old Spear, Joseph Proctor, Mrs. Vincent, Annie Clarke, George Wilson, Lemoyne, Warden Haynes. By nature he was liberal, like his ancestor, Major Robert Pike, of Newbury, called the New Puritan, who dared "to be in the right with two or three," in his logical argument against the Salem witch-trials. Mr. Wiggin felt that the locality, added to Miss Cushman's character and reputation, rendered the proposed name doubly appropriate; but this happy result was not reached in a day, or without snags. To persuade the authorities to christen the bantling after a playactor was no walk-over task,

especially as certain clerical officials were conscientiously opposed to the idea; though one of them was a Liberal, who occasionally managed dramatics in his insular vestry. However, the president of the school board was a progressive North End capitalist, William H. Learnard, who one day gave out word that this matter, over long in abeyance, would that evening be brought up, and that Mr. Wiggin would do well to be present. The attendance was not large, and the vote was passed without special debate.

When the meeting adjourned, Mr. Wiggin rushed up Washington Street, and penetrated the mysterious precincts of the Globe Theatre; and "thereby hangs a tale," heretofore unpublished, like other recollections herein set down. The stage was set, and the star already seated in the big chair in which her Queen Katharine consumptively dies, when suddenly her eyes beheld a grateful apparition hurrying from the wings; and her ears were gladdened with an impulsive whisper: "It shall be called the Cushman School!!" The clearing bell sounded. "Get out, now, Charlie! there's the bell!" said her Majesty, using the diminutive of forty years earlier. As he did not readily hear, but continued his eager chat, she adjured him: "For goodness' sake, do go!" Not till the very last stroke, when the drop was rising, and the footlights peeping into view, did her visitor leave the boards, — the crowd not realizing that the vanishing hem belonged to a gentlemen who had seldom attended the theatre since his profession of religion in the old Baldwin Place Baptist Church, under Dr.

Baron Stowe, away back in the forties; though a lover of the drama in younger days, when such plays as *Six Degrees of Crime* and *Tom and Jerry* were in vogue.

A certain Unitarian opponent was converted by the achievement, and requested an introduction to the school's distinguished godmother; so Mr. Wiggin and his youngest son accompanied the reverend gentleman to the Evans House, on Tremont Street, facing the Common, where she was staying. The call was delectable. The pleased hostess recounted the episode of the evening previous, declaring that Charlie disappeared in such haste, like the spirits of peace in Katharine's vision, as to leave his hat at her royal feet. "You've embellished the story, Charlotte!" was his friendly expostulation; and very likely she had.

At the dedication, which soon followed, she made what she called her "maiden speech," to a thousand girls assembled in the upper hall. She sat radiant on the platform, amidst teachers and dignitaries, a flush of joy illuminating her face, already pale with the inroads of the insidious cancer which ended her life in five short years. She said she had walked those streets as poor as any girl within the sound of her voice. They knew something of the niche she filled in the pantheon of culture and art; but she assured them she had gained this altitude by unflagging industry, unswerving principle, unfaltering persistence, untiring patience,—by giving herself outright to her work; for she ranked painstaking above ability or genius.

During this entire day Miss Cushman had for her special female com-

panion, her friend's wife, Mrs. Rebecca Hadaway Wiggin. The ceremonies over, they drove up to the Girls' High and Normal School, on West Newton Street, where she said another characteristic word, and read selections. Nor did the day end till after a trip to Field's Corner, Dorchester, where not only a school reception awaited her, but a collation, at the residence of the principal, William T. Adams (better known as Oliver Optic), whose daughter Mary subsequently married that excellent comedian, Sol Smith Russell. While there Miss Cushman suggested that she must have her little friends read Mr. Adams' many popular juvenile stories, wherewith she was not fully acquainted. Needless to add that a set of these Optical books reached her before many days, with compliments.

Miss Cushman's profound delight over the school event may be learned by what Othello calls "close denotements, working from the heart," in a letter written to a friend in England:

When I went to my native city, where they never believed in me as much as they did elsewhere, I came to have such praise as made my *heart* satisfied.

After stating the facts, though she errs in crediting the compliment to the City Council instead of the School Committee, she thus concludes her letter:

I was proud: first, that an actress had won this favor; next, that for the first time it had been bestowed upon a woman; and then came the civic pride, in knowing that my townspeople should care that I ever *was* born. Nothing in all my life has so pleased me.

Often Miss Cushman indicated her intention of making a handsome gift

to the school, perchance a clock; but her generous purpose was either lost in the limbo "paved with good intentions," or overlooked in the stress of suffering.

There was more in this anxiety about nomenclature than appears on the surface. Charlotte was both indebted and devoted to her mother, whose maiden name was Mary Eliza Babbit; but she was proud of her paternal descent from Robert Cushman, of the *Mayflower*, who preached the first sermon on this "stern and rock-bound coast," and was also one of the first to attempt a settlement on Cape Ann, which subsequently led to the founding of Boston.

Another descendant of Rob't Cushman was that honorable and affable gentleman, the Hon. Henry W. Cushman, of Bernardston, who, early in the fifties, was Lieutenant-Governor of Massachusetts, when George S. Boutwell of Groton, filled the higher chair, and General N. P. Banks was Speaker of the House.

Some years later, Feb. 5, 1862, the writer, while a guest at Governor Cushman's hospitable mansion one cold night, was compelled by illness to disturb his venerable host's peaceful slumber. Up and down stairs went the patient gentleman, taking a fresh lamp at every trip,—adding to his scanty apparel now one garment and then another, till finally crowning himself with a tall hat. He brought a drop of everything he could think of to alleviate the pain; and then, alternately pacing the floor and sitting by the bedside, he tried to divert his young friend's thoughts. He spoke of the impending crisis, and predicted that the war would go down to history as the Great Rebellion. He

suggested, as a good pulpit topic, the Christian Gentlemen. "In these two words," he said, "everything is comprised!" and well did he embody this opinion in his life. Finally he spoke of his pedigree, and his keen regret and surprise that, in the whole country, no place was called Cushman,—not a river, mountain, city, village, county, or hamlet; that there was not, so far as he knew, so much as a Cushmanville or a Cushman-ton. Not long after this he had the deserved honor and pleasure of giving the address at the Bernardston Centenniel, August 20, and founding a public library, to be associated with his name; and at his death, a year or two later, he tried still further to rectify the omission, by bequeathing a fund to some town, in his own state and county preferred, which should first baptize itself Cushman. Would this old friend could have been by his kinswoman's side, at the dedication of the Cushman School!

Eminently fitting was it that the great Boston artist should make her last appearance (except for a few readings) in her native city. This was on May 15, 1875, in *Macbeth*, at the Globe Theatre. Her burial took place from historic King's Chapel (Stone Chapel, as it was commonly called in her youth), and it would have delighted her heart to see the prosession of girls from the Cushman School, with the flowers provided by a kinsman, at the suggestion of the same friend through whom the school had been endowed with her name. Their presence might well recall the Shakespeare lines she had so often uttered:

Saw you not, even now, a blessed troop,  
Who brought me garlands?

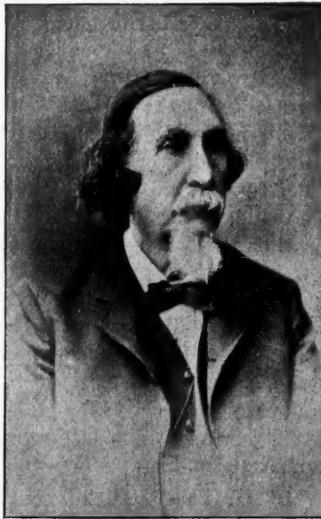


CUSHMAN SCHOOLHOUSE, PARMENTER STREET.

Her loyal soul might well have chosen the Centennial year for her

the dawn of the birthday of the Father of his Country would have been an added satisfaction.

JAMES HENRY WIGGIN.



CHARLES E. WIGGIN.

transition; and that her funeral should precede only by a few hours

## PHYSICAL TRAINING FOR WOMEN.

ARE gymnasiums a fad? Do they chance merely to be the fashion? So some would have us believe; but even if this is true, we have reason only for encouragement; for to make a thing the fashion, is to establish its success.

"But our grandmothers had no gymnasiums; and they had health beyond anything we dream of in these days!"

Very true; for in these earlier days when life was simpler and nervous exhaustion consequently less; when exercise kept muscles strong and tissue change was active; and when the pure fresh air, that renovates and oxygenizes the blood with every breath, was plenty, this was all sufficient. Nature did her own work; and physical training had no other use than for fine, even development, erect carriage, and acquirement of strength; — not that these are slight considerations in any nation's economy — only that just here we are considering the health question especially.

But because we of to-day are, in our city life, cut off from all these natural ways of living, and are suffering in consequence, we must have some substitute in the form of systematic courses of gymnastics which shall set into lively operation those functions of the body by which health is maintained.

Now we may, of course, raze our cities to the ground; we may return to all the sweet simplicity of broad

fields and colonial estates; a Brook Farm wave may sweep over our country; and we may, as a nation, eschew city life with its advantages; we may defy the universal laws of progression and evolution and return to the conditions of a century or more ago; but it is hardly probable; certainly the prospects are not immediate. Hence it is for us to face the present conditions and endeavor to meet the needs of women as they exist to-day. It is, then, for this reason that the gymnasium fad — if it is a fad — has sprung into existence; and it is to its history, its present status and necessity for existence, and to its future outlook, that we would call the reader's attention.

It was with Dr. Dio Lewis, we dare affirm, that the first widespread interest in physical training for the better health of women was aroused in Boston. There are those to-day who would, in the light of present scientific knowledge, dispute Dr. Lewis' right to so great honor. He was not, it is true, a "straw-splitter" concerning detailed points of technique; but he did a work for Boston women, the noble, far-reaching influence of which still lives.

As a regularly trained and graduated physician, his work was intelligent; as a pioneer, his work was enthusiastic and full of vigor; and the soul that gives us inspiration is greater than the teacher, however pedagogical, who gives us technique

only. All honor, then, to the earnest large-hearted man, who first aroused Boston women to a realization that it was their right, and more than that, their duty to secure and maintain good health for themselves, and for their children.

Whether Dr. Dio Lewis had or had not the scientific acumen of those Europeans that have made physical training a national science, we may not say. There are other standards by which to judge this man's earnest work; and it is a narrow vision that sees not in it the great rising swell of power that precedes, and underlies, and forces onward, the strong full advancing wave.

Out upon Back Bay in Boston stands an ivy-covered building, which to-day represents the well earned success of another earnest worker for women,—and this time herself a woman. As a teacher in the public schools Miss Mary Allen put into practice her own theories of physical training, and won for herself recognition of her skill and talent in the work long before it was prescribed in the course of study. Later she opened a gymnasium proper. In a small hall on Essex Street, classes for women and children were formed. There was then no such gymnasium nearer than New York or Philadelphia, and Miss Allen struggled for a time against no small amount of criticism and conservatism.

But with the ice once broken, and prejudice swept away, gymnastics for women started up here and there in and about Boston, until instead of "A gymnasium is no place for a woman," it began rather to be said, "A gymnasium is especially the place for a woman."

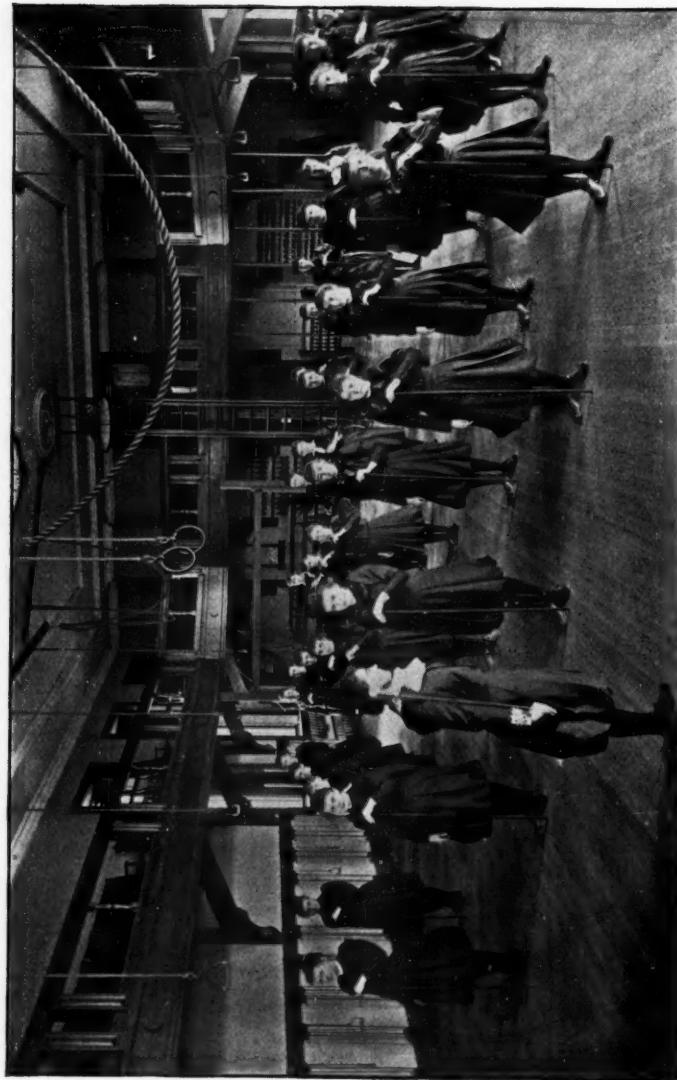
But woman is a natural teacher, consequently, no sooner had she learned what it meant for health and strength to sister women, than she demanded full normal instruction for herself that she, too, might go forth to teach.

Meantime Dr. Sargent, now of Harvard, had come from New York to fill the position of Director of the Hemenway Gymnasium, which had been a generous gift from Augustus Hemenway to the college. Later there came to Boston Baron Nils Posse and others who brought with them the Swedish System which soon obtained recognition in the public schools, and has since become popular throughout the country.

It is to Dr. Sargent, whose system of anthropometry is well known, that women owe the carefully prepared mass of statistics from which has evolved the typical woman, as shown in statuary at the recent World's Fair at Chicago, and from which is scientifically and accurately estimated a basis for future improvement in development and standard of health for the classes of women which these statistics represent.

Both Dr. Sargent and Baron Posse stand now at the head of prominent Normal Schools in connection with their general work, which in accordance with the demands of the times were opened for men and women.

At the time when Dr. Sargent's work—the first with pronounced scientific claims in our country—was gaining its first wide-spread recognition, Mrs. Hemenway's interest was aroused in this line, and no little work was done under her direction; for Mrs. Hemenway was one of those far-sighted women who recognized, even



CLASS READY FOR EXERCISE.

when this line of work was comparatively new in the public thought, the mental and moral significance of regularly prescribed and wisely directed gymnastics.

Nor did the interest of this broad-minded philanthropist lose in zeal. Most earnestly did she watch the development and gradual evolution of physical training, until the time came when she proved her faith in it, and her recognition of woman's need for it, by founding that excellent and now universally known institution,—the Boston Normal School of Gymnastics, of which Miss Amy Homans is the successful director.

But there was still a large class of women sorely in need of the health and strength that comes from well-directed gymnastics, for whom there was no sufficient provision.

It was then that the directors of the Y. W. C. A., with Mrs. Pauline Durant as president, realized the necessity of establishing one more central gymnasium, and to this the working girls of the city were especially invited. Generous provision was made for all exigencies that might arise, and the Durant Gymnasium,—named in honor of its benefactor, that generous woman whose broad charities and educational interests have placed her name among the noblest,—was organized.

The work began first in a small hall, but it very soon outgrew its original quarters, added a Normal Department, and numbered upon its enrollment list over seven hundred pupils.

Of the Normal Department we shall say very little other than that the course of lectures in anatomy, physiology, kinesiology, etc., is similar to

that of other Normals in the city, and judging from the success of the graduates, it is believed they have not been indifferently instructed and prepared in all that goes to make an intelligent teacher of physical training, such as the scientific claims of the times demand.

But it is in the general classes that chief interest is vested—the classes made up of intelligent young women who come to the Durant Gymnasium for the rest and relaxation city-bred women of any class so much need; and most especially these business women—typewriters, book-keepers, stenographers, and others, who, sitting all day at their desks, their minds strained from the intense application occasioned by the nature of their employment, their muscles weary from lack of exercise and no change of position, find themselves at the close of the day too worn and tired for even the walk home which they so much need, and which would do so much to counteract the ill effects of the stagnated circulation and give healthy, active exercise to the unused muscles.

Into the 5.30 and 6.30 evening classes of this gymnasium these young women come, often directly from their offices, having somewhere taken only a quick, cold lunch—as women and school-girls will do in spite of all remonstrance!—and a more exhausted group one can scarcely find than these when they drag themselves up the stairway to the dressing-rooms.

One wonders sometimes that these girls, whose birthright is freedom and broad fields, and pure air, with nature all around, have the courage to come at all, after their long day of unnatural confinement at desk or machine.



GYMNASIUM DRESS OF TO-DAY.

But they are sensible, thinking young women; they are alive to the thought of the times; then, too, they have learned after a time that though they come to their lesson tired, they are sure to go away rested.

"I was so tired when I left the office I could hardly drag one foot after the other; and now I could dance!"

"If I could only tell you how I sleep the night after my lesson!"—are a few of the encouraging words that come from these pupils evening after evening.

And, indeed, to see them when their lesson is finished, and they have had their refreshing bath, one would hardly believe they were the same girls. The color has come into their cheeks, the eyes have lost the tired look, spirits have risen, and life once more seems "worth while"—all because the muscles have been given a

chance to throw off their "fatigue products" and the blood has been sent bounding on through artery and vein.

Yet another class who need regular physical training, as a protection against the ill-effects of their daily environment, are the school girls—the young women of the highest grammar grades and of the classical schools. If the school directors of the city of Boston could know the number of public school pupils enrolled upon the gymnasium record books of this city for treatment for curvature, round shoulders, forwardly projecting heads, irregular shoulders and hips, there would be, perhaps, more attention given to those matters which produce these conditions. Physical training is in the prescribed course of study to be sure, and in a way the city is not neglectful of its children; but seven minutes a day or

an hour one day in the week is not sufficient to counteract the influence of hours seated at desks too high or too low for the occupant.

There has, indeed, been no time in the history of physical training when the outlook is so hopeful, and no teacher of long experience but sees most plainly the change in public sentiment.

There have been many elements at work in bringing about this change. One, and that by no means an insignificant one—the generalization of art education whereby women have learned the utter absurdity, in the eyes of the true artist, of certain fashions—small waists, French heels, bustles, hoop-skirts, etc., which they once endured because they felt they must. But having once discarded them through art education, and having thus inadvertently learned the freedom and comfort of simple and loose dressing, not even Parisian authorities could force again these monstrosities of weight and clumsiness upon our intelligent American women.

From another direction, too, the art idea has helped women up from the impotent slavery of the past. Fashion itself is bending towards the artistic, and is providing gowns and costumes that accord with beauty's laws. Compare, for illustration, the clumsy Bloomer costume of 1851 with the dainty, jaunty bicycle and gymnasium suit of to-day! Compare the degree with which each has obtained in the same period of time!

And is the difference not due in no small part to the beauty of the one and to the uncouthness of the other?

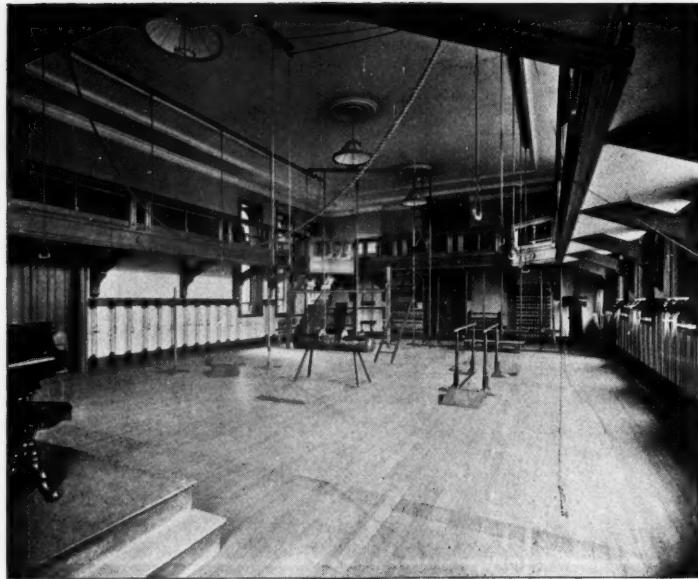
When in 1851 Miss Burleigh appeared upon Washington Street in



BLOOMER WORN BY MISS BURLEIGH IN  
1851.

the awkward, ill-fitting Bloomer costume, the city stood aghast. To be sure, society was not at that time ready for such an innovation; but even in our own day such inartistic regalias could never obtain.

Again the much abused Anglo-maniacism has had its part in changing public sentiment among both men and women. It is nature's law to make always the best of everything, to evolve good from evil, to find always compensation; and so, even Anglo-maniacism, being not wholly lawless, has made it here in America, because in England, the fashion to walk, to ride, to cycle, and to play games. Therefore, for once in its ignoble history we find fashion walking hand in hand with reason and common-sense. But over and above



INTERIOR OF THE DURANT GYMNASIUM.

all the influences that are bringing the change about, stands the college and professional training of women. When woman began to *know*, she began to *act*; when she began to *learn*, she began to *teach*; and the results of this better knowledge of self is being felt in every avenue of woman's life; she is learning that it is not only her privilege, but her solemn duty to the children she shall bear that she shall be free, and well, and strong.

Again, gymnasiums themselves have had their part in bringing about the change in public sentiment regarding physical training. It is not very long since that gymnasiums were associated in the public mind only with pugilists or ruffian boxers; and were thought of only as a preparation for the circus, or the fighting arena. That all this has

changed, and that prejudice has been overcome, is due in no small degree to the more broadening, deepening, dignifying, and elevating character of gymnastic work, in offering higher and more intelligent motives to the public, and in placing the the training upon truly anatomical, physiological, and psychological bases, from which to evolve scientific and practical principles.

The subject of gymnasium work as a science may be said to be just now in a transition period. There are before the public many authorized systems all producing excellent results, as have been abundantly proved, and there is now among scientists and students, whose lines of thought were once so far apart, a recognition of its broad significance; for the time has come when the anatomists and the psychologist, the

physiologist and the philosopher, the materialist and the theologian, have come to unite their interests upon it, all attesting its vast importance, not only physically, but also morally and mentally.



BLOOMER COSTUME AS WORN ON BROADWAY N. Y. CITY IN 1851.

In a lecture upon methods of reforming criminals, written some little time since, Charles Dudley Warner significantly remarks that it has been proved by careful observation and study that weak morals are registered in weak muscles; loose shuffling mentalities in loose shuffling gait; low aims, low motives, low tastes, in low carriage of the torso and of the head.

Through the law of reflexes, we know, inversely, that a light springing gait will bring out a light springy mental condition; a firm, erect carriage cannot fail to favor firm, erect convictions of honor and of truth; a general normal healthy circulation, with the consequent well nourished condition of all the organs, must

bring with it a healthy, well-poised mentality free from morbid selfishness and unhealthy introspection.

The question before the leaders just now is, What system shall prevail?

One can not prophesy; but we may be sure it will be that one whose principles shall work most closely in harmony with Nature's own methods of procedure, at the same time suiting itself to the demands, the peculiarities, and the idiosyncrasies of the American temperament, and not excluding or ignoring the moral and mental factors that enter into all gymnasium work.

Again, the system of the future must be one that is enjoyable; the pupils must be happy in their work; every inspiration that can be must be given them.

And just here a plea for music. There are those who wholly disapprove of the music element in gymnastics and protest that it has no righteous part in any system of physical training.

The claim is that thereby the pupils are incited to further work than they are physiologically able to do; that individual rhythm is lost in the movements, some being held back, others urged to movements more rapid than is natural. The first might be were the classes not fairly graded as to strength and endurance, and the time limited. The second *may* be; but the slight possible difference between movement to music and movement to command seems of little import as compared with the mental weariness and the consequent loss of psycho-nerve stimulus that comes from monotony in the work. There may be stolid, unimaginative men, women and children,

who will be just as content with music-less exercises — who would have no sense of loss in dancing to silence — but Americans are not those people; and the American temperament demands full recognition in this as in any other line of pedagogics.

Again, this ideal and complete system of the future must be based upon scientific and carefully arranged progression — the whole at the same time being Americanized in its application; i. e., adapted to the needs and demands of the American people.

The German precision must be exacted; for in that lies intellectual training. Variety cannot be ignored, for whether a commendable characteristic or not, the longing for variety is a demand of the American soul, and it will not down. Moreover, the repose, the sweep, the rhythm of the Delsarte element should also be included; for of all nations we perhaps need this most. Without the grace, we have all the nervous irritability of the French, which expresses itself in us, as a people, in haste, in flurry, in angularity, and an awkward stiffness, which should, we must agree, be trained away.

To teach our young women how to conserve their energies and not waste vitality and nervous force; to teach the tired working girl how to free herself from all tenseness, and so do her work with less friction and strain; and to teach her when she rests to rest perfectly through complete re-

laxation, is to teach her that which shall make life easier for her, and shall give her power to do what she finds it her portion to do, with far less exhaustion to her own nervous system.

If there must be a strictly American System of Gymnastics, it must be one in which the salient points of all established systems shall be combined into a complete and perfect building, the corner stone of which shall be a true application of anatomical constructions and physiological principles, not forgetting the demands of temperament in the process.

There is much yet to be hoped for in sympathy and help from public sentiment. Man's concept of woman as to what she may be, and what she has the divine right to be, must rise to yet higher planes; and above all, woman herself has yet to realize what she has now only a glimmer of — that upon her health, her clear vision, her broad spirit, and her active, healthy mind, humanity depends. They are the golden keys given into her keeping, and in her lies the hope of the race. When she learns and realizes the sacred rights and the divine responsibilities that are hers, then will the great gates roll back and she will have opened the way for tired humanity to enter into the presence of Life.

HOPE W. NAREY,  
Director *Durant Gymnasium*.

## AUTHORS AND BOOKS.

### Brave Little Holland and What She Taught Us.

William Elliot Griffis, D. D., has presented in his latest work, *Brave Little Holland and What She Taught Us*, a volume of intense interest and value to all students of American history. Few of us recognize the significance of the words of John Adams, who, when referring to the Dutch Republic, wrote, "The originals of the two republics are so much alike, that the history of one seems but a transcript from that of the other;" but such is indeed a fact, and the debt this country owes to Holland is beginning to be appreciated. The literature bearing upon this subject is surprisingly limited, and it is to this fact, if nothing more, that the promised volume from the pen of Dr. Griffis, in which is set forth his full studies of Holland and her influence in moulding the ideas of the founders of Massachusetts, will be eagerly welcomed.

Forced to leave a monarchy, the Pilgrims took flight to a republic where they had been informed there was liberty for all men. The same tyranny which drove out so many good men from England had already nearly ruined the woolen and other textile manufacturers of Norfolk, many of whom brought their capital and skill to Leyden. In this rich city lived several hundred English people, including contractors, manufacturers, soldiers serving in the Dutch army, and students in the university. Thither in 1610 came John Robinson and his congregation of the Pilgrim Church, thus making the second English Church in the city. During the Twelve Years' Truce these prospective citizens of Massachusetts remained in the municipality and the federal republic, learning much of the government, politics, business and handicraft, as their own and the Leyden records show. Of the Pilgrim company, William Bradford, Isaac Allerton, Degory Priest, and many others, became citizens of the municipality, and thus gained experience in the working of republican in-

stitutions. Before their eyes they saw in full operation, in a union of sovereign states bound in federal union by a written constitution, and under the red, white and blue flag, common public free schools, toleration of religion, the registration of deeds, mortgages and wills, the written ballot, freedom of the press, democratic government in church affairs; and among the Anabaptists, who were numerous around them, complete separation of church and state. In a word, these men, destined to be the founders of the greatest republic in the world, had here every facility, in a free republic, to reinforce practically their ideas and inheritance of English freedom.

In the volume under review the author has told a story in simple language for the young folks of America, that *Brave Little Holland taught our fathers many things* which the true historian of the American republic can no longer afford to ignore.

[*"Brave Little Holland and What She Taught Us,"* by WILLIAM ELLIOT GRIFFIS. Revised edition. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co., 1894. \$1.25.]

### My Three-Score Years and Ten.

One of the most interesting books to those who love old Boston is the Autobiography of Thomas Ball, A. M., to which he has given the title, "My Three-score Years and Ten." This famous sculptor has in this volume told the recollections and experiences of his long life in a most charming way, and, coming from one possessing such an excellent memory, and such a close observer of character, the stories have added interest. Among his narratives he gives valuable reminiscences of such famous people as Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes, Francis Alexander, the painter, Samuel D. Parker, Washington Allston, George Fuller, Jenny Lind, Hon. S. A. Elliott, Mrs. Powers, Thomas Crawford, Henry Ward Beecher, Edwin Forrest, the Cheney Brothers, Sims

Reeves, King Victor Emanuel, Franz Liszt, Hiram Powers, General Grant, Wendell Phillips, William Morris Hunt, Edward F. Searles, and P. T. Barnum. We also read of his early struggle and ambition and of his famous statues which have been the admiration of the world. Truly, this book, now in its second edition, is one of the most valuable of the many autobiographies of famous men, and as it is a story of the life of the citizen and artist instead of the soldier or politician, is doubly welcome.

[“My Three-Score Years and Ten,” an Autobiography by THOMAS BALL, A. M., second edition. Boston: Roberts Brothers. Cloth, \$2.00.]

#### A Modern Magdalene.

The chief object of Virna Woods, the author, in writing this story is to show the great injustice of society toward women; the social ostracism that drives many unfortunate women of really noble qualities, to a life of hopeless degradation. One cannot but feel that the characters portrayed and scenes depicted herein are from life. This is especially true of that portion relating to California. The author in her choice of subjects has done a very daring thing, and a thing no woman at least has as yet attempted, but the result inclines the reader to wish that if literary art must handle such subjects, the artist might always be a woman of as much feeling and good judgment as Miss Woods.

The author speaks very plainly in her descriptions of some of the wrongs noted, and betrays an intimacy with the shadier facts of life that is not less remarkable than her appreciation of the good and bad elements in the human heart which determine the specific form of sin which is so corrupting to society. The moral is not left to be guessed, however, or even to be intellectually appreciated. It is sure to be felt. And it is therefore one of the few books of the kind which may be read with profit. It is a very strongly written story, and will assuredly take an enviable place among successful works of fiction.

[“A Modern Magdalene,” by VIRNA WOODS. Boston, Lee & Shepard, 1894. \$1.50.]

#### Life and Art of Edwin Booth.

A dainty little volume in blue and gold has just been received from its publishers. We glance at its title, “Life and Art of Edwin Booth.” Ah! what memories the name calls forth. At times we can not realize that the great player has departed this life, and that we are never more to witness his startling interpretation of “the great master of morals and humanity.” We sometimes feel that the bill-boards are soon again to announce “the engagement of Edwin Booth,” that he is but temporarily absent from the city, and will soon be welcomed back by the plaudits of his thousands of admirers. Then our mind turns to the sad scenes in New York and the later solemn service in our own city and we say, “Alas, he is dead!”

The public is grateful to William Winter, his biographer, for the care he has taken in preparing this book, and we are sure that no one was more qualified than he to write of the trials and triumphs of his honored friend. Mr. Booth was aware that Mr. Winter intended to write his life, and he expressed approval of that intention; for he knew that the author honored and loved him, and that he had followed his career with sympathy and studious attention ever since his return from California in 1856; and that he was acquainted with it, and with his views and feelings respecting it.

It is perhaps needless to say that the book is well written, and in this, the fourth edition, the text is the more accurate. A few tables and play-bills have been omitted, and a few letters of the actor added. The frontispiece is a portrait of Booth as Hamlet, printed for the first time, from the portrait from life by Oliver I. Lay.

[“Life and Art of Edwin Booth,” by WILLIAM WINTER. New Edition, revised. New York, London: Macmillan & Co., 1894. Cloth, gilt top, 75 cents.]

#### The Great Commanders Series,

Edited by General James Grant Wilson, forms one of the most notable collections of volumes that has been published for many years. The success it has met with since the first volume was issued, and the widespread attention it has attracted, indi-

cate that it has satisfactorily fulfilled its purpose, viz., to provide in a popular form and moderate compass the records of the lives of men that have been conspicuously eminent in the great conflicts that established American independence and maintained our national integrity and unity.

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[ "General Lee," by **GENERAL FITZHUGH LEE.** A new volume in the Great Commanders Series, edited by General James Grant Wilson. With Portrait and Maps. 12mo. Cloth, gilt top, \$1.50.]

#### Pastime Papers.

"Pastime Papers," by Frederick Saunders, the author of that inimitable book, "Salad for the Solitary and the Social," fully meets the expectation from the pen of this writer. The apology (?) for writing "Pastime Papers" is attributed to the following statement printed in the *London Medical Times*: "The prevalence of melancholia, mild or intense, among the cultivated classes, and especially among educated and reflective men, in these days,

would, there are good grounds for believing, seem portentous could it only be faithfully set forth. Could the secrets of some book-cases be revealed, it would be found that men in high places, professional men in active employment, business men in prosperous circumstances, literary men who are delighting the world with their wit and genius, artists who are illuminating life with glowing colors, students who are gaining prizes and distinctions, tradesmen who have climbed to success on the ruin-heaps of competitors, and idlers who have only to amuse themselves, all are visited by melancholy,—revealed only to their doctors and, sometimes, to their domestic circles,—which darkens existence as with terrible storm-clouds now and then, or robs it persistently of brightness, reducing it to a monotonous leaden gloom."

By a perusal of "Pastime Papers" the malady above referred to will, we venture to say, speedily disperse. The "Papers" are as follows: Letters and Letter-Writing, The Old Masters, Touching Tailors, Genius in Jail, The Marvels of Memory, Concerning Coblers, Coffee and Tea, Printers of the Olden Time, all of which are full of wit, interest and instruction.

[ "Pastime Papers," by the author of "Salad for the Solitary and the Social," etc. New York, Thomas Whittaker. \$1.00.]

#### In the King's Country.

Natural development of character and plot, and pure and lofty sentiment, are qualities which have ever distinguished the author, Miss Amanda M. Douglas's work, and won for her a multitude of readers. In none of her stories are these qualities more marked than in this beautiful story of Christian endeavor.

The characters of Pearl Disbrowe and Sabrina Eastwood, though so entirely dissimilar, cannot fail of making a deep impression upon the reader; and as we "journey with them into the country of good works," we receive purer and higher ideals from the association.

Without doubt many a one will be moved to emulation by the results attained as developed so interestingly by the author. The story does not lack romance, as that is

one of the author's strong points, but the lessons intended to be conveyed are never lost sight of.

The book is pervaded by a deep religious sentiment; the hearts of the readers being touched, and a desire for better things awakened. The story appeals strongly to all lovers of pure fiction, and will be of special interest to members of the Society of Christian Endeavor.

[“In the King's Country”; a Christian Endeavor story, by AMANDA M. DOUGLAS, author of “Larry,” etc. Boston; Lee & Shepard, 1894, \$1.50.]

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[“Tunes You Like,” by GEORGE BRAYLEY, Boston, Mass., 125 Tremont St., 1894.]

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THE author of “Violet, the American Sappho,” Robert Appleton, has written a new novel called “Elena.” It is the story of the experience of a Russian woman in love and nihilism, and is published by G. W. Dillingham. It is full of adventure and exciting incident, and the characters include some very prominent historical figures.

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The Editor, MR. ARTHUR WELLINGTON BRAYLEY, an experienced Journalist and author, will contribute a Serial article, entitled **THE DEVELOPMENT OF THE SHOE AND LEATHER TRADE IN MASSACHUSETTS**, (beautifully illustrated) during the past Two Hundred and Seventy-Four Years, which will be one of the most valuable records ever contributed to the commercial history of the Bay State.

The opening chapters of this chronicle begin with the October number and will continue monthly until completed. The narrative will contain not only the history of the Manufacture of Boots and Shoes, Tanning, Currying, and Rawhide Industry, Shoe and Leather Machinery, and the progress of the Rubber Trade, but will tell of the commercial, financial and industrial growth of this old State. In fact, all who are interested in the evolution of business in Massachusetts will find in this work valuable and interesting information.

A notable feature will be introduced in **THE BOSTONIAN**, namely, the issuing of two editions—one in Paper Covers, at the popular price of

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### CORRESPONDENCE.

All communications intended for the editorial department should be addressed to the Editor, MR. ARTHUR WELLINGTON BRAYLEY. Letters relating to the Subscription, Advertising, or Publishing Department, to MR. HENRY BARTLETT, Business Manager.

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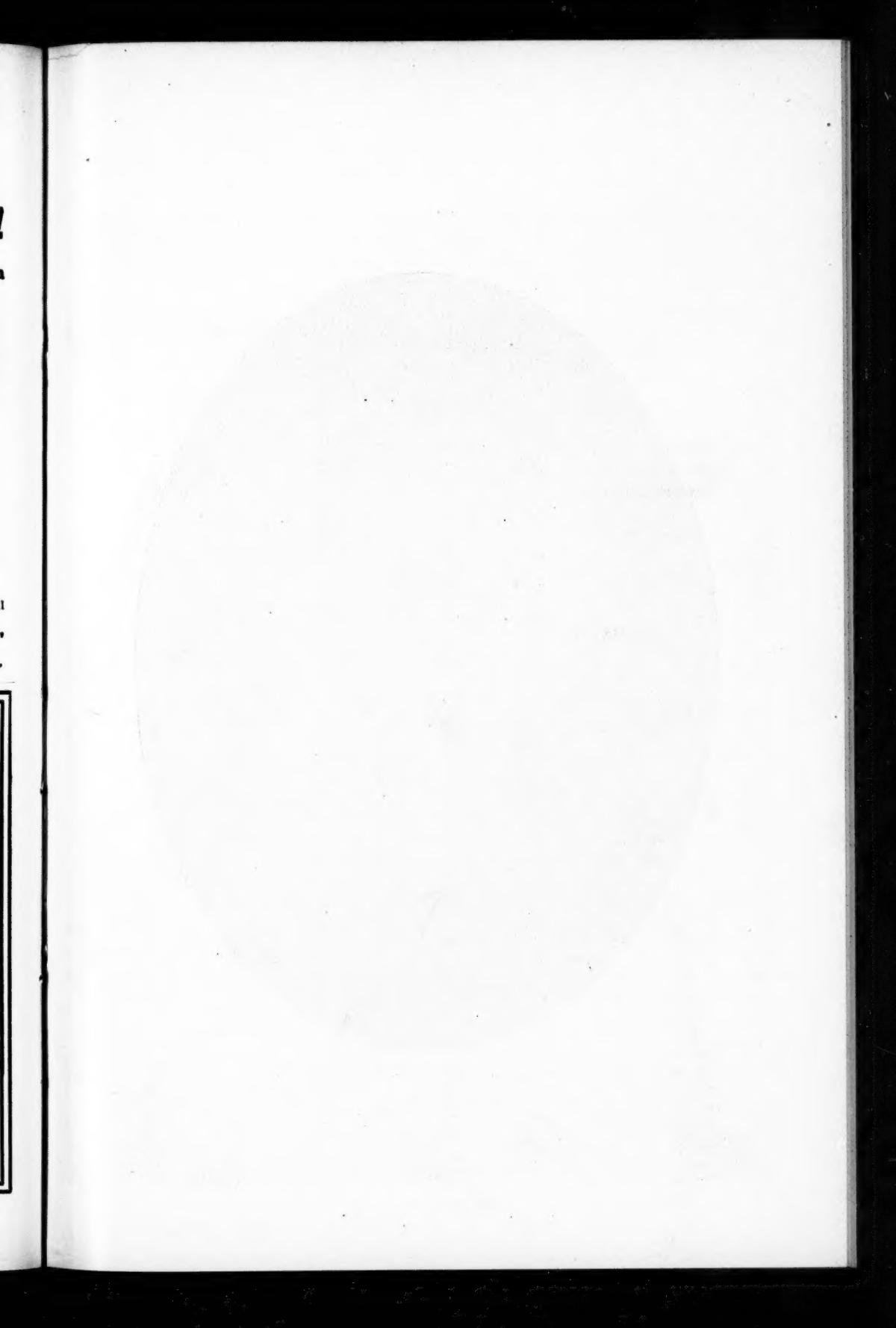
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PORTRAIT OF "OUR LADY."—See page 131.